VOL. XXXVII.—No. 483.

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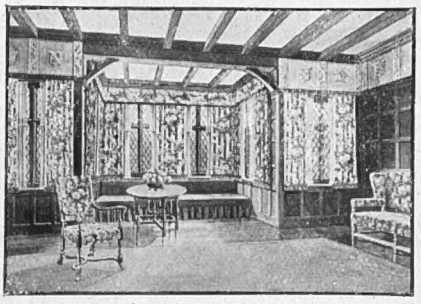

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Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Ernest H. Mills*

MANY MORE HAPPY RETURNS

A charming portrait of Miss Ellen Terry, who, we were assiduously reminded by our daily contemporaries, celebrated yet another birthday last Thursday, and received the congratulations appropriate to the occasion of her many friends, to which "The Bystander" now begs to add its most cordial good wishes

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. LYDIA KYASHT in "THE REAPER'S IDYLL." EVERYBODY'S DOING IT. The Up-to-the-Minute Revue. CONRAD and WHIDDEN, and Specially Selected Varieties. Evenings at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

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TO AUTHORS.

THE BYSTANDER is willing to consider stories belonging to either of the two following classes: (a) Stories of from 2,500 to 3,500 words in length of dramatic interest. Novelty of idea specially welcomed. A brief résumé of the plot must accompany each story. (b) Comedy stories of about 1,000 to 1,250 words. A minimum payment of three guineas will be made for such of these as are selected for publication. Each manuscript must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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is relieving the terrible and widespread needs of the homeless and starving, and the respectable UNEMPLOYED and their HUNGRY FAMILIES, by provision of WORK ONLY. Pray help, so that we need not

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any distressed person willing to work.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE FRINGE OF THE DESERT. By R. S. Macnamara. (Jenkins: 6s.)
WHITE MOTLEY. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell: 6s.)
THE STROLLING SAINT. By Rafael Sabatini. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
THE WASTREL. By Harold Bindloss. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
A LITTLE TOUR IN INDIA. By the Hon. Robert Palmer. (Arnold: 8s. 6d. net.)
THE CHAIN OF OB. By St. Clair Harnett. (Melrose: 6s.)
SANNA OF THE ISLAND TOWN. By Mary E. Waller. (Melrose: 6s.)
REQUITAL. By Mrs J. O. Arnold. (Methuen: 6s.)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

The King

So the King is about to fulfil a long series of engagements among his people. From the prominence given to the item in my daily newspaper one would almost suppose that we were living shortly after the restoration of Charles II., and that for the King to be about to go "among his people," and to give a few dinners and a dance, to attend a football match, in April to visit Crewe and the Five Towns, and in July the Royal Agricultural Show, was for him to be doing something startlingly novel and suggestive, instead of the things he does so admirably every year of his Blessed Reign. However, I suppose it is part of the policy of the up-to-date newspaper to discover novelty in everything, and to appear each morning to represent the world as a "beautiful doll, a great, big, beautiful doll!"

* * *

The Mystery

News items concerning Queen Alexandra have a way of slipping in and out of the papers like dream-pictures. I read last week that Her Majesty was on Friday, the 7th inst., to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her landing in England. On Monday morning, looking to see how the celebration was getting on, lo, all reference to it has vanished as though it had never been! Whatever is to happen in Royal circles this week, it is pretty obvious that the *local* is to be Buckingham Palace, which is, after all, the right place, is it not?

* * *

The Public and the Suffragettes

So it has come at last. The militants have, as it were, got up against it. Nemesis is now to fall on them. For seven long years we had endured their violence, but when the fist gave place to the firebrand, and the dog-whip to the torch, the end must surely be near. On Thursday last, therefore, I opened my paper to find that all was at last over—or practically, save for the shouting. The Public—great, big, wonderful Public—was up. No need longer to wait upon the shilly-shallying law. What did the "public" do? Oh, frightful things! A meeting at Worthing was broken up by shouting and booing. An *attempt* was made to duck somebody (not a Suffragette, I believe). The other place which was the scene for an exhibition of "public" fury unbridled was Leigh. A large crowd raised the cry, "We won't have Suffragettes in Leigh." The brave, determined fellows then took away the women's boards and handbills, while two of the women (native spectators, I believe, and strong anti-Suffragettes) were deprived of their hats.

* * *

Week-End Happenings

Over the week-end, too, attacks have been made on the Suffragette barrel-organs, while in Hyde Park there appears to have been some booing and hustling, Mrs. Drummond's hat was knocked slightly askew, and a brave young male voice was heard to say something about "ducking" the militant ones. If any one of the ladies should, one of these days, be positively smacked, they mustn't complain that they weren't warned sooner or later of the disaster that would overtake the cause.

WITH US YET A LITTLE LONGER

Mrs. Pankhurst, who, until April 1, when her trial takes place at the Old Bailey, will be at large amongst us. She will, however, abstain from inciting any further outragettes, so that Cabinet Ministers may return from the Riviera, and sleep awhile o' nights

Our Absentee Politicians

The Island of St. Sylvia

The proposal has been put forward in some quarters that, in order to save them from the unpleasant consequences they would have to bear should they carry out their plan to kidnap certain members of H.M. Government (as well as to relieve the Exchequer from the constant drain of paying off convicted ladies' fines), the more demonstrative Suffragettes should be placed out of harm's way in some remote island. In this connection special significance has been ascribed to the visit of the Solicitor-General to Madeira during the recess. But surely there are islands of our own where considerate and patriotic Ministers would prefer to establish the new St. Helena—or St. Sylvia—and plant the green and purple Union Jill for its *protégées?*

***

Temptation

One of the Channel Islands was suggested, it is said, and the idea found some favour—until it was pointed out that most of the cultivation in those islands is carried on under glass.

***

The Persuasive Poster

"Everybody's Doing It" announces a charming poster in the Underground. "What? Why, Voting for Municipal Reform." Of course, the poster knows best, but so far as THE BYSTANDER could tell everybody was doing nothing of the kind. It was taking no interest whatever in the so-called "Fight for London," that fight being, in "Everybody's" opinion, but a scrap for spoils between one gang of party politicians and another.

***

Wagner Growlers

With the revival of *Die Meistersinger*, the performance of which lasts from 6.30 to midnight, has come the usual growl. Too long! Can't they cut it, or, why not make a sort of serial of it, and perform one act (in conjunction with something else) each night? A really practical proposal would be to make the performance of *Die Meistersinger* or *Die Gotterdämmerung*, which is equally long, a combined matinée and evening performance. Let the first act be given at, say, three o'clock. At five, the adjournment. Then, at the usual theatre-time, eight, the remainder of the opera. People who couldn't get away for the afternoon would have to do without the first act. I don't see myself why works of art such as Wagner music-dramas should be chopped about to suit the needs of London's ridiculous mealtimes.

MR. BALFOUR

After a good drive on the golf links at Cannes, where he has been sharing the sunshine with certain other persons not of his own political way of thinking, but probably, on the whole, rather better company than those who are

***

The Admiralty Arch

Of course, the Bystander, like all other persons with artistic tastes, thinks very little of those three glorified rat-holes known as the Admiralty Arch. But such is, presumably, not the view of the authorities. Wherefore it seems a trifle absurd, having carefully put the Arch up, to hide it hardly less carefully from public view—more especially as even *that* is done in a half-hearted kind of way. By-the-by, why should not the Suffragettes combine business with popularity for once and devote their attention and their bombs to the offending buildings?

***

A New Unionist Hostess

The reopening of Parliament will be the signal for a number of political receptions on both sides, and one of the first will be given for the Unionists next week by a new political hostess, Lady Newton. She has already the distinction of giving some of the best dances and other entertainments in London, especially for young people, and even has among her guests now and then Princess Mary, whose "outings" in Society are very few and far between.

MR. CHURCHILL AT CANNES

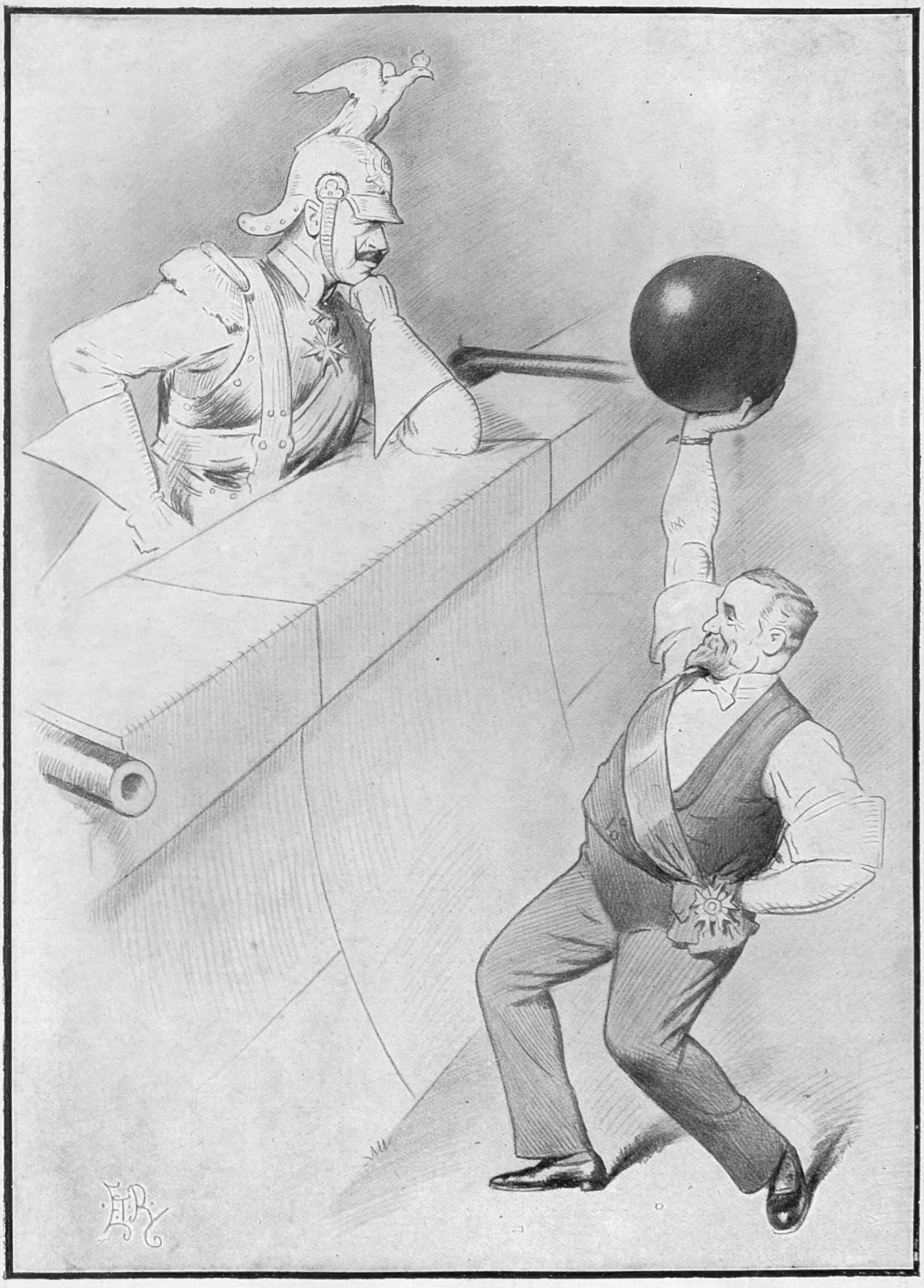
The lady is Miss Maxine Elliott, the beautiful actress

***

"L.M.G.?"

A new Unionist hostess is particularly welcome at the moment, since Lady Lansdowne, who in her *grande dame* manner has hitherto led the entertaining, is once more in mourning—for her brother, the late Duke of Abercorn—and is not likely to hold any very big functions just at present. Reports are again going round, by the way, of the imminent departure of Lord Lansdowne from the leadership of the House of Lords, and rumour suggests his son-in-law, the Duke of Devonshire, as his successor. But those who have been whispering "L.M.G." are not likely to agree to that, and I think the Die-Hards will get their word in *this* time.

Preparing For Any "Event"



PRESIDENT POINCARÉ: "Practising 'Throwing the Shot'? Oh de-ar no, your Majesty! 'Lifting the Weight,' that's all! Splendid thing for developing one's strength. Can't be too strong nowadays, ye know!"

BY E. T. REED

Race Meetings and Fancy Balls

Services at Sandown

The King seldom goes racing during the winter months, but the Grand Military meeting is an attraction of a very unusual order, and His Majesty put in an appearance at Sandown Park last week. There was a very big crowd; in fact, the members' enclosure was so uncomfortably packed on Friday that many of the club members beat a retreat from their usual places, seeking the comparative comfort of Tattersall's ring from which to see the racing. It was a merry day's sport. The soldiers rode with their usual keenness, but I am afraid that in many cases their exhibition of jockeyship hardly came up to Grand National form. Mr. E. Wyndham, of the 1st Life Guards, again distinguished himself by riding his own horse, Another Delight, to victory in the Gold Cup. At times his riding has been the subject of criticism and chaff, but I certainly thought that he handled his horse like a genuine workman. He richly deserved his success, for after seeming to be once well-beaten, he persevered until he got on terms again with Razorbill, and practically pulled the race out of the fire. The achievement stirred the sporting spirit of all onlookers, and though Another Delight was one of the outsiders in the field, his plucky owner came in for an excellent reception.

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Some Selections

Now that Axle Pin's lameness appears likely to be a long business, the situation for the Grand National becomes extremely open. Covertcoat did not run a bad trial at Sandown Park, and at the moment (writes "Carbine") I am rather inclined to take him and Ballyhackle as a likely pair to provide the winner of the great steeplechase. Some further light on the subject may be shed this week, for there will be lots of good racing. **Sir Oracle** may win the International Hurdle Race at Gatwick on Wednesday and **Balscadden**, one of the most promising recruits to steeplechasing we have seen for some time, should secure the Tantivy Steeplechase on Thursday. He is now trained with the rest of Mr. Bower Ismay's jumpers in Frank Hartigan's stable. Thus the establishment is particularly strong, and should be worth following for the rest of the season. There are a couple of £1,000 races at Hooton Park, in Cheshire. The big hurdle event on Friday may be won by **Sore Toes**, and for the Great Cheshire Steeplechase on the following day I fancy **Domino**. At Hurst Park my selections are **Covertcoat** for the Trial Steeplechase and **The Last** for the New Century Steeplechase.

THE HUNGER STRIKE

(A suggestion gratis to kidnapped Ministers)

Scene: A Secluded Fastness of the Militants

GAOLER: "Now I ask you, Chrissie! "Isn't that like the brutes?!! —not touched a bit of food yet!!! We shall have to let them out; it would do the Cause no end of damage if anything happened to them while we've got 'em. Absolutely rotten, I call it!! Can't even take their punishment!!"

By E. T. Reed

***

Public Dances of the Week

The two public dances of last week were both enormously successful in different ways. The "Mi-Carême" Ball at Prince's was a comparatively small affair, of course, but for those who really wished to dance nothing could have been better, the floor never being overcrowded and the band excellent—except for an annoying habit of vanishing, musically, *à la* Cheshire cat, at intervals.

***

The "Chelsea Arts"

The "Chelsea Arts" at the Albert Hall has, of course, become a regular national institution by now, and it is undoubtedly the jolliest of the huge fancy-dress dances. The ball of last Wednesday was even better than its predecessors; indeed, I do not suppose the dancing Bystander could have passed a more agreeable evening. There were crowds of people, but that only seemed to add to the fun. For, at any rate, there was a homogeneous kind of feeling about the whole thing—and it is just that which has been so lacking in some of the mammoth dances of late years. The "Chelsea Arts" owes much of its success to the fact that it "dramatises," so to speak, a whole section of London Society.

***

A Pleasant Coincidence

By-the-by, as illustrative of this point, it was interesting to notice at this, the Artists' Dance, that of all the good-looking people there—and they were many—three of perhaps the best-looking were the wives of very well-known artists—Mrs. Lavery, Mrs. Francis Howard, and Mrs. Harrington Mann. An appropriate and rather curiously pleasant coincidence.

***

An Innocent Question

Is it true that at a well-known dancing-club the following notice is displayed: "Dancers are requested to move occasionally from the places on which they stand"?

The Fancy Dress Ball

MR. H. E. COCKBURN AND MISS PAMELA MAUDE
As a Ballerina

Photograph *Sport and General.*
H. H. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG
As a Florentine Gentleman of the 15th century

MRS. RICHARD DAVIES AND MR. R. GREY
As Draught-boards

MR. J. M. ACEVEDO
As a Pack of Cards

MR. AND MRS. E. TENNANT
In Roman Costumes

Photographs
MR. P. BLAIR AND MISS RUBY MILLER
Apache and—Sheherazade!

MR. C. P. LITTLE
As an Officer of Bodyguard of Emperor Maximilian

Lafayette
MRS. AND MR. BROMLEY TAYLOR
Oriental Lady and—Panel Doctor!

The Chelsea Art Club's Fancy Dress Ball, which took place at the Albert Hall last week, may claim with justice to be the Fancy Dress Ball of the year. Not only was it the first of these popular functions, but it is, in many ways, the most representative, and, without a doubt, the most amusing

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

An Alleged Spy and Some Women Politicians

A New Command

Who is the British Rear-Admiral who has been appointed as Admiral of the Australian Fleet? Is he a comparatively young man whose rise in the Navy has been singularly rapid, and does his name begin with a B?

* * *

The New Version

Rule Germania,
Germania rules the skies,
Teutons ever, e er, ever
Will be spies.

* * *

The Height of Ambition

Journalistic ambition used to have two summits—the one to be the editor of the *Times*, the other to be prosecuted for criminal libel by a Cabinet Minister, and to plead justification. The former, being now in the gift of Lord Northcliffe, has, of course, got out of the reach of the average journalist; the latter remains, and I congratulate Mr. Cecil Chesterton on having attained it so young. He alone among the Marconiacs (*i.e.*, the journalists who took up the Marconi scandal) has been honoured by being placed in the dock. The others, Mr. Maxse, Mr. Lawson, and Mr. Oliver, were only violent enough for the Select Committee. I mustn't comment, of course, but I see that Mr. Chesterton, in this week's *New Witness*, seems pretty confident of establishing something, anyway. Even if one Minister may not be proved exactly to have stolen the horse, it is quite possible that another may have looked over the gate.

THE ALLEGED GERMAN ALLEGED SPY IN ALLEGED CUSTODY AT PORTSMOUTH

Herr Wilhelm Klare—a hunchback—is accused of taking too great an interest in our torpedo defences. The expression on his face suggests that he is rather amused at his position

* * *

Helpful!

I have never met the editor of the *Lancet*, but I think, for subtle and refined humour, his mind wants beating. During the week we have all been exchanging ideas on how best to treat the Militants. The *Lancet* is a non-political journal, of course, and does not allude directly to the topic. What the editor does, however, is to publish an article on the technique of hanging, the exact point of the chin at which the knot should touch, how to keep the rope in position, etc., etc. Most helpful, I am sure, in view of contingencies.

* * *

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

(With apologies to Moore)

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound us,
Racked nerves have brought the sight
Of Zeppelins all round us.
The whirr of screws, the scanty clues,
The talk of warlike strangers,
The lights that shone and soon were gone,
The *sheerness* of our dangers!

Now in the *Daily News*,
Which would from war scares wean us,
Someone has "aired" his views,
And says the lights were Venus.
And since the lot's been moored at Pots-
Dam, how could they attack us?
Those lights o'erhead, when all is said,
May have been due to Bacchus.

HARFORD WORLOCK

* * *

Very Exclusive

Returning to the question of dancing—which really seems to be quite an obsession with me this week—I notice the reaction against the vast *omnium gatherum* style of fancy dress ball, to which we referred recently, found another expression—this time on the part of the "Society" section—in the fancy dress dance given by Mrs. George Keppel for her daughter, Miss Violet Keppel, which was so exclusive that only some twenty-five couples took part, and Mr. Walter Rubens acted as band! Lady Jessel's is the chief dance this week, and the other functions include two big bazaars, the Welsh Industries Sale at Lord Howard de Walden's place, Seaford House, and the Mayfair

MISS FOX
(W. Marylebone)

WHO SAYS THEY ARE UNFITTED FOR POLITICS?

Photographs

MRS. MEALL SMITH
(E. Marylebone)

MISS WALLIS
(Chelsea)

DR. SOPHIA JEVONS
(Dulwich)

The lady candidates in the L.C.C. Election. Who will dare, after looking at their portraits, to deny their fitness to sit in Spring Gardens, or to call theirs the frivolous sex?

Central News

MISS POCOCK
(Strand)

MISS ADLER
(Central Hackney)

A Beautiful Débutante

Photograph *Langfier*

LADY RACHEL STUART-WORTLEY

One of this year's débutantes, and the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe

Changes in the Royal Household

Union Sale at Londonderry House, which had such a narrow escape from being burnt down a week or so ago.

* * *

Who Is It?

Another new Ambassador may be announced in a day or two, for the name of Mr. Whitelaw Reid's successor has only been held back till the new U.S. President was actually in office. As Dr. Woodrow Wilson takes the oath this week, we shall know very soon whether his nominee is the much-talked-of Mr. Page or not, and also whether he is likely to turn over the no less discussed new leaf in the way of lavish Ambassadorial living.

* * *

How to Grow Whiskers

For the American public, if one is to judge by the newspapers, the central feature of Dr. Wilson's accession day is not the new President, but an insanitary gentleman with an orang-outang-like growth of hair, who vowed seventeen years ago not to visit a barber till the Democrats came into power again, and now reaps the reward of his faithful frugality in the shape of a public hair-cut, to the accompaniment of a brass band and all the paragraphing dear to a certain kind of American heart. It is satisfactory to reflect that, owing to the better taste—and greater caution—of Englishmen, no similar incident can obscure the triumph of our next change of administration. Just think of how anxiously a Unionist who had made such a vow in 1906 would look at his beard during Mr. Bonar Law's Tariff Reform polemics!

* * *

Hands Across the Knee

We love America dearly, of course, but American "humour" should be dealt with under the Aliens Act. Certain persons of the alleged "artistic set" in London have lately been trying to introduce here the repulsive elephantine gambols called "baby parties," in which men and women, many of them middle-aged, dress up in socks and children's frocks, feed out of bottles, play "kiss-in-the-ring," and so on. One can only hope that these "children" may meet with persons prepared to enact with equal thoroughness the part of parents—however painful some of the parental duties may prove to be!

Photograph *Taponier*

SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY

Who succeeds Lord Knollys as Private Secretary to the King. The appointment was predicted in "The Bystander" of January 8 last

The Ideal Ambassador

No significance beyond the ordinary need be attached by those on the look-out for signs and portents to the fact that the King and Queen are dining with Prince and Princess Lichnowsky this week, although the German Embassy is the first to have the honour of entertaining their Majesties this year. Prince Lichnowsky is a particularly unpolitical Ambassador, and, indeed, some surprise was (privately) expressed in Germany, at the time of his appointment, at England's acceptance of an envoy chiefly known at home for his wealth and social gifts. But with that point of view THE BYSTANDER cannot for a moment agree. As we have said before, it is the "diplomatists" who make the wars, and if we must have Ambassadors, let them be as purely social and as negligibly political as they can possibly be got.

* * *

More Household Changes

The resignation of Lord Knollys, as prophesied in THE BYSTANDER two months ago, being now an accomplished fact, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, who gave up the idea of the Bombay Governorship at the King's request, will now join Lord Stamfordham as Private Secretary to His Majesty. Another important change in the Royal *entourage* is the selection of Lord John Hamilton to fill the vacant post of Deputy-Master of the Household. These appointments run very much in families; Lord John's father, the late Duke of Abercorn, was a Court official for over forty-four years—nearly as long as Lord Knollys—and his brother, the present Duke, has been Treasurer of the Household.

Photograph *Lafayette*

LORD JOHN HAMILTON

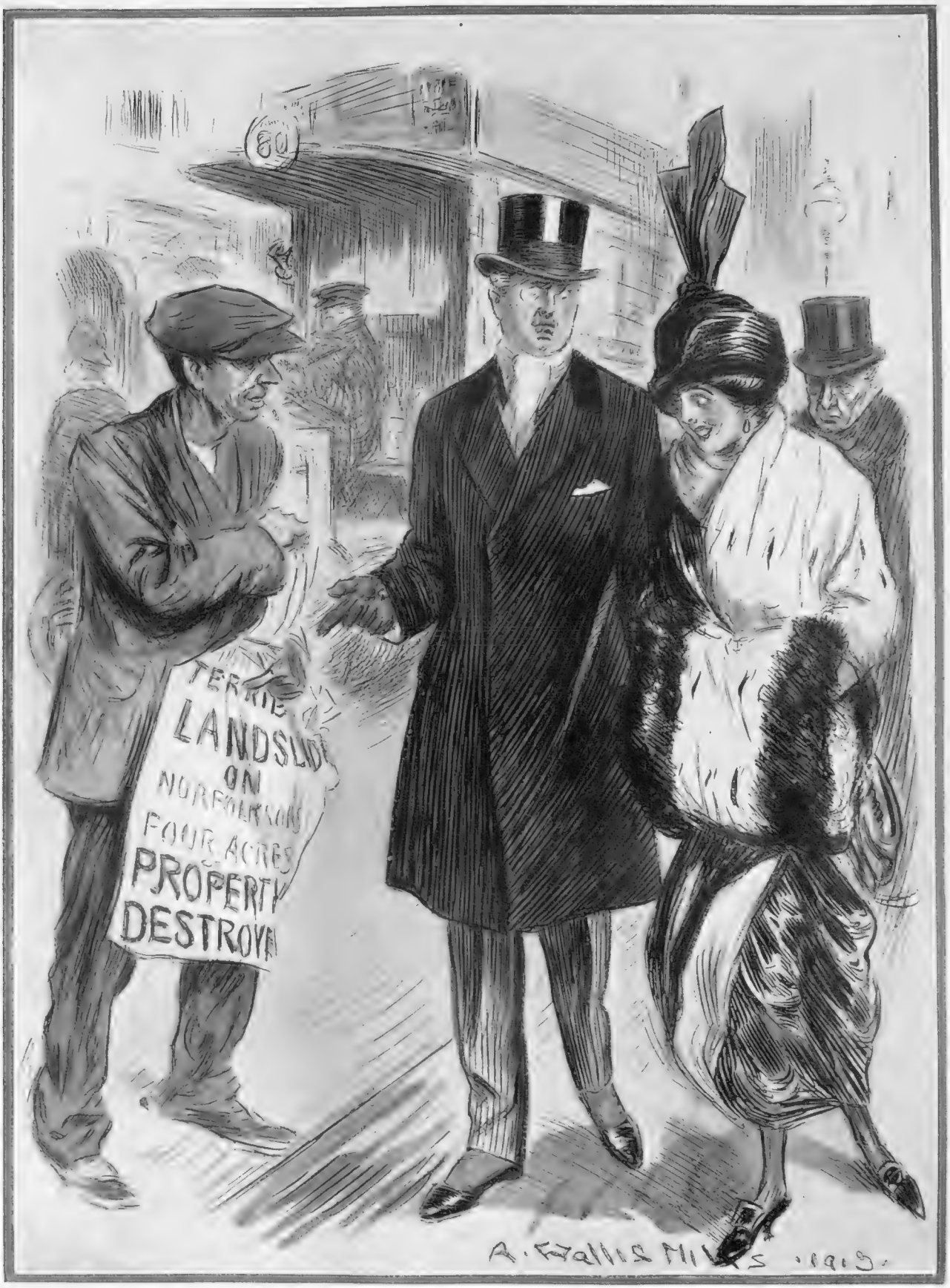
The new Deputy-Master of the King's Household. Lord John is a brother of the Duke of Abercorn, and was born in 1883

* * *

Royal Theatre-Goers

Although the King and Queen have not given much patronage to Beecham opera, they have been more than once to the theatre, and those who have so persistently maintained that the Royal taste in the way of entertainment was more than ordinarily prudish, may find food for reflection in the fact that the piece selected by their Majesties for a visit the other night was that very popular musical comedy, *The Girl in the Taxi*. And to think of the precautions that were taken last year to bowdlerise the music-hall "command" into positively anæmic decorum!

The Current Obsession



HUSBAND (to Suffragette wife): "Some more of your work, I suppose?"

BY A. WALLIS MILLS

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

Embarras de Musique

One of the most frequent visitors to Covent Garden lately has been Queen Alexandra, whose fondness for opera was always much greater than that shown by Queen Mary—indeed, it is no secret that in many matters, notably the bringing up of children, the Queen and the Queen-Mother hold very different opinions. The present opera season ends next week, and already people are beginning to look forward to the grand season, for which Covent Garden has "roped in" Caruso (at £500 a night), Melba, and Tetrazzini—stars whom it would be social as well as musical suicide to miss hearing. If, as I hear, there is also to be a season of opera and Russian Ballet at Drury Lane, as well as a Beecham season at the Aldwych, all at one and the same time—well, we shall have a splendid opportunity of judging whether Mr. Hammerstein's failure last year was due to the limitations of Mr. Hammerstein or of the British musical public. It will be especially interesting to watch the tug-of-war between Caruso and the Ballet. Personally, we put our money on the human voice—as always.

MATTERS MUSICAL

TWO BALFOUR GARDINER CONCERTS

The Present

IF Mr. Ernest Palmer's "Patron Fund" Concerts are the seed-boxes of English music, Mr. Balfour Gardiner's may claim to be the specially prepared soil where still tender plants can be bedded out before they are quite ready to be scattered at random over the garden. That, I think, is a very useful function, and certainly no one who has any intellectual curiosity at all can afford to neglect concerts of this description. Side by side with a certain amount of music which has already established a claim to recognition there will be found more or less tentative efforts, some good, some bad, but all of which, taken together, makes up that very interesting product, the post-Elgarian school of British composition.

The Future

There is no doubt that all this school now needs to establish an international reputation is an acknowledged leader, somebody to dramatise it, so to speak, for the ordinary person. Perhaps he is not born yet; perhaps we shall find that he is growing up unnoticed among the composers we know already. Personally, I think that Dr. Vaughan-Williams and Mr. Bax have the best chances, should such prove to be the case. But why attempt to prophesy? Musicians are too prone to jealousy already; to make them jealous *before* the event were little less than incentive to murder!

SIGNOR CARUSO

Who, after an absence of five years, will reappear at Covent Garden during next summer. He will receive £500 a night!

The Name of Tallis

Mr. Balfour Gardiner has now given two concerts this year, and, frankly, neither has reached the standard of those of last year. True, the two most attractive programmes are still to come, but those already heard have certainly been a trifle disappointing. The first concert was badly arranged; there were too many small items without unity of idea. Indeed, the failure was not by any means the fault of the music itself. Not to mention the old Church music, beautifully sung by the Oriana Madrigal Society, there were Grainger's Passacaglia, "Green Bushes," and Vaughan-Williams's "Fantasia for String Orchestra on a Theme by Tallis" to satisfy us in every way. Readers who remember the address of THE BYSTANDER will understand that it is incumbent on me to think that anything connected with the name of Tallis must be good. In this case, at any rate, there can be no doubt of it. Dr. Vaughan-Williams's music is extraordinarily original and imaginative, full of that mystical feeling which, among modern composers, he has quite made his own. The Fantasia is, however, better adapted to a church than a concert-room. It sounded rhythmless and rather discursive in the Queen's Hall, largely, I think, because the theme is not stated with sufficient emphasis at the beginning.

Various Criticisms

Mr. Grainger's "Green Bushes," on the other hand, like his "Molly on the Shore," given at the second concert last week, is a veritable orgy of rhythm. In both compositions his vitality and first-rate contrapuntal ability are extremely attractive. But Mr. Grainger is very unequal as a composer. Some of his settings of Kipling are decidedly commonplace, and what are we to think of the "Colonial Song"? If its rather blatant sentimentality is to be taken as representative of Colonial feeling, well and good; call it "Sunday Evening in Sydney" and say no more. But I fear we are too sophisticated (or prejudiced) to appreciate the æsthetic value of such homely commonplaces. To me by far the most interesting items in the second programme were Mr. von Holst's "Mystic Trumpeter" and Mr. Delius's "Dance of Life." Von Holst always has something to say, and the "Mystic Trumpeter," though too long, mainly owing to undue splitting-up of the words, is certainly a work to hear. Delius's "Dance of Life" is a fine composition, which, to my mind, partakes very much of the nature of the Dance of the Indian God Siva. At any rate, it is curiously brutal, full of frenzy and passion, and possessing very little in common with the ordinary human idea of a dance. And with a very deep bow to Mr. Gardiner for his enterprise and public spirit I must leave the two concerts at that.

FRANCIS TOYE

Approbation

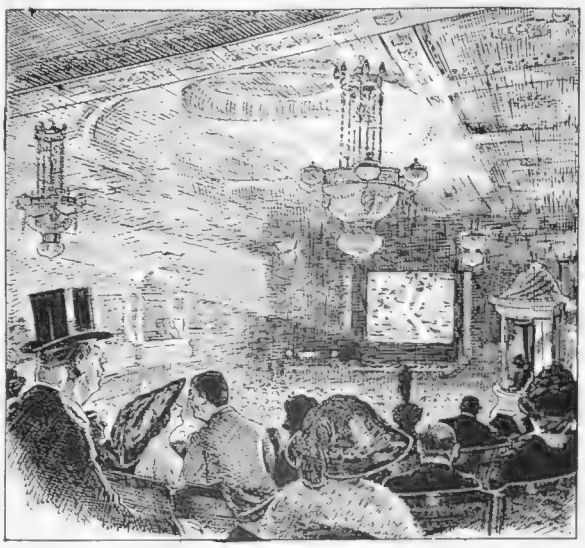
THE DANCE OF THE MOMENT MEETS WITH THE APPROVAL OF, AT ALL EVENTS, ONE CRITIC

BY E. LANDER

Now Then, Authors!

THE LITERARY POSSIBILITIES OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH

THE recent announcement that Lady Townshend is to have a play of hers performed by one of the British film companies leads one to hope that her example may be followed by other authors and dramatists. At the present day the average performance in a picture-theatre lasts for about an hour and a half or two hours, and shows, perhaps, seven different films. Of these one may be of Norwegian, Danish, or German manufacture, one or two of Italian or French make, and the rest will be American. A British film is the exception. Some of the American dramas are remarkably good; but surely the time will come when British audiences will become rather tired of the cowboy-drama, which appears with such regularity every week. One knows so well what is going to happen. There will be the inevitable half-caste Indian or Mexican, and cowboys racing over the plains, and an attack on a wooden hut, and a man tied to a stake or on the point of being hanged to the branch of a tree. Then the sheriff appears with the hero's sweetheart, and virtue is duly rewarded. What are these dramas but the old penny dreadful stories transferred to the films?

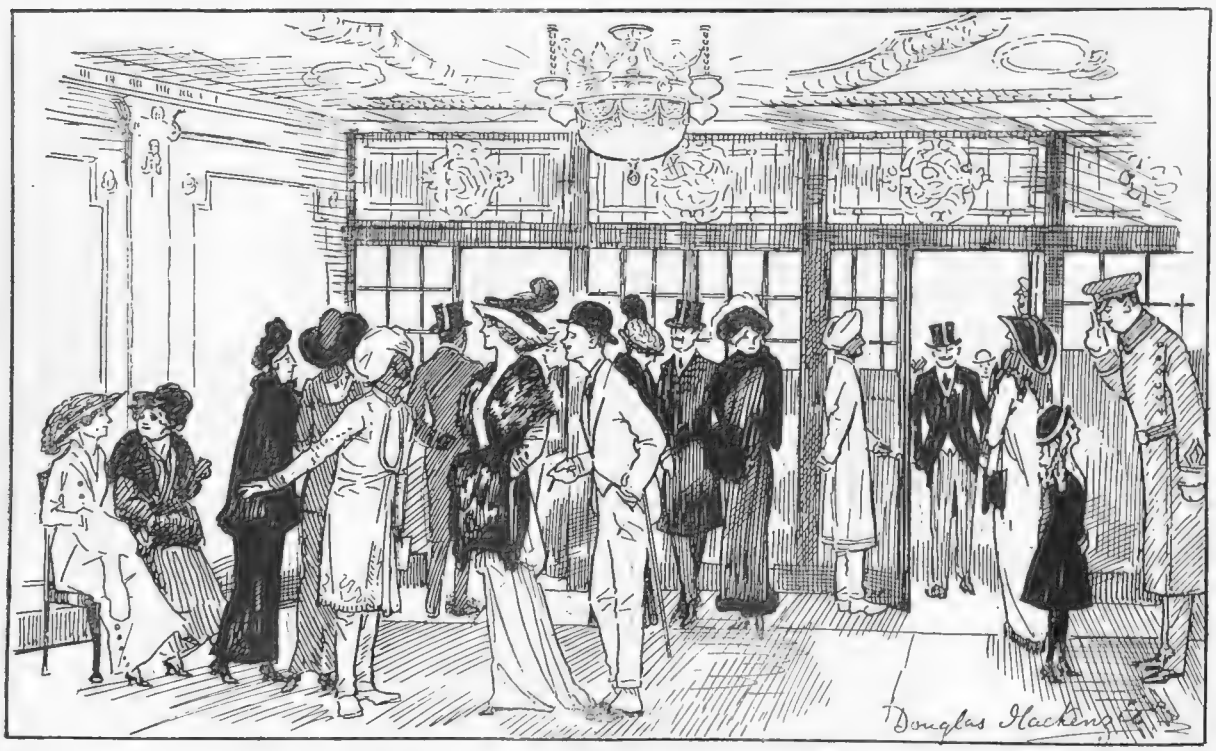


INSIDE THE NEW GALLERY CINEMA

Doubtless a delightful entertainment, but is there not too much light for the complete enjoyment of couples like that in the middle of our picture?

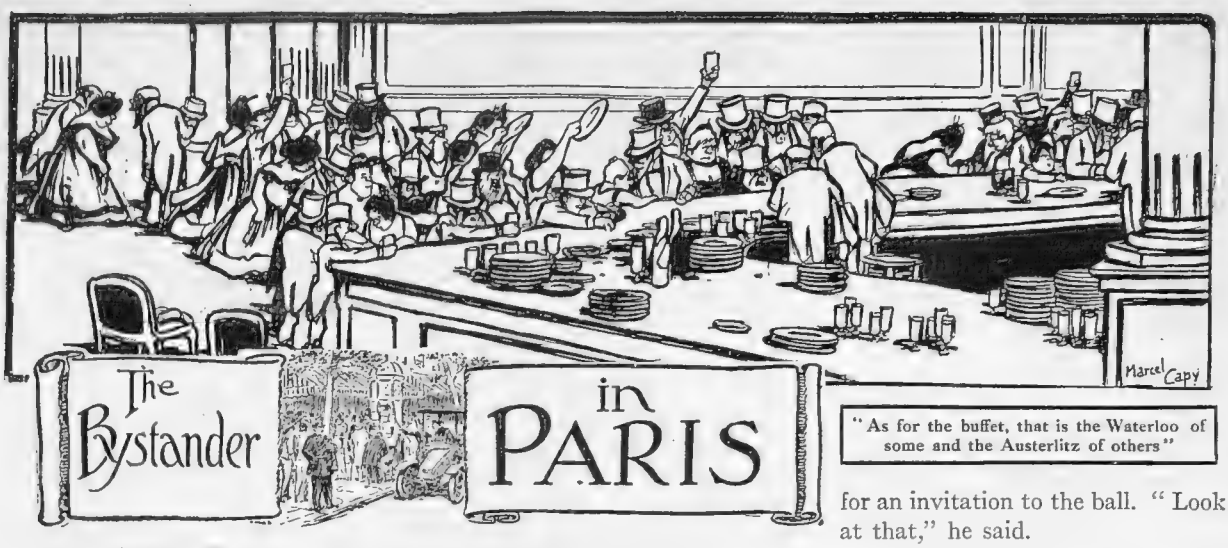
It is a melancholy fact, however, that with very few exceptions the British films are far inferior to any of the others. What is wanted is a number of good plays written especially for the camera by authors of repute. There must be hundreds of good short stories by well-known writers which could be easily dramatised, and there seems to be no reason why in the future the cinematograph rights should not be almost as valuable to the author as are the serial rights to-day. And what a success should follow on the first production of a Pinero or a Maugham play in a picture-theatre! Would not William Le Queux or Max Pemberton or Hall Caine gather a large public about them if they were to turn their attention to this latest form of entertaining the public? Perhaps some author bolder than the rest will step forward? Or, perhaps, unknown to us he has already done so?

R. S.



THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE NEW GALLERY CINEMA

Note the attendants turbaned and uniformed. Quite a fit introduction to an entertainment so essentially cosmopolitan



"As for the buffet, that is the Waterloo of some and the Austerlitz of others"

The Bystander in PARIS

FRANÇOIS HAS A NIGHT OUT

"Le Smoking"

François came to lunch this morning in his "smoking." You may not know what a "smoking" is, because we call it a dinner-jacket at home. François had changed his patent leather shoes for the thick-soled cloppers, which he blacks himself every morning, and he had put on a grey tie under his open waistcoat to show that he was not in evening dress. But he could not resist coming to luncheon in his "smoking" just to show us what a swell he had been last night. François is a youth of seventeen, and rather an estimable young person. Three years ago it occurred to him that Paris was the place for his ambition. He had saved sixteen shillings on the weekly salary of eight shillings which he was earning in a shop in Caen, he paid ten of his sixteen shillings as a deposit on a bicycle, for which he promised to pay ten shillings a month till six pounds had been paid, got on it, and rode up from Caen to Paris in two days.

A Young Crœsus

Since then he has kept himself, and he is now a young Crœsus on a salary of seven pounds a month, and sends money home regularly. "*Le* smoking" was made originally for the cashier in the furniture shop in which he works. It didn't fit him. François bought it cheap, and though it doesn't fit him as much as he fondly believes, he is extremely proud of it. François, in the "smoking," had spent the evening at the Hôtel de Ville, where he had been one of the seven or eight thousand guests of the town of Paris. "Did you enjoy yourself?" I asked him. "You bet," said François (*tu parles* is the French for that). "I got home at six o'clock this morning. Besides, *nous étions chez nous, quoi.*"

Le Bal de l'Hôtel de Ville

And that is the great charm, to the Parisians who can get invitations, of the ball at the Hôtel de Ville. It is *their* ball. It is paid for out of the rates. The warning, "Evening Dress Only," on the invitation cards is very liberally interpreted, and the citizens enjoy themselves thoroughly in the magnificent building without let or hindrance. Enjoy themselves! I should think they did. François produced a pocket-book, withdrew a little parcel of *her* hair in tissue paper, eighteen snapshots, some foreign postage stamps, and the rubber tube of a bicycle pump, and produced the dingy little newspaper-cutting which induced him to apply for an invitation to the ball. "Look at that," he said.

Inspiring

It was inspiring certainly. The guests had put away four thousand bottles of the fizzy headache called champagne on these occasions, eight hundred bottles of beer, nine hundred imperial pints of orangeade, a hundred and fifty bottles of claret, a hundred and fifty imperial pints of punch, two hundred imperial pints of iced coffee, and eighty of chocolate, twenty thousand sandwiches, a ton of *petits fours*, three thousand cakes, fifteen hundred ices, a hundred and twenty babas with rum in them, and thirteen hundred *brioches*. "And the supper-room wasn't too big, either," said François. Once you got in you had to stop there till you could get out. He ate a good lunch, too. Youth is a wonderful thing. So, for that matter, is the ball at the Hôtel de Ville. The setting is fairy-land. The sum of money spent on plants and floral decorations is enormous. The blaze of uniforms and decorations is superb, but the real fun is in the huge ballrooms, where the citizen of Paris disports himself.

"The ball at the Hôtel de Ville. It is their ball. It is paid for out of the rates"

Ces Messieurs and Ces Dames

For everybody is there, from the well-known people whom one meets at *répétitions générales* and in the illustrated papers to Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Tout-le-Monde. Monsieur Tout-le-Monde may be in dress clothes, or he may be in a morning coat with a white tie. He always perspires, and his gloves are always cracked down the back. Madame Tout-le-Monde is either very thin or very fat, but the feathers and flowers in her hair always make her look top-heavy, and her dress always creaks when she moves, whether it be of silk or stuff. I do not pretend to explain this. It is an unvarying fact, that is all. Mademoiselle Tout le-Monde is usually pretty, her face is always shiny, she wears white silk gloves, and is perspiringly and gloriously happy. And then there is Monsieur Achille. Monsieur Achille may sell lard and wear white overalls, he may cut hair, he may do half a hundred other things, on ordinary days. To-night at the Hôtel de Ville he is *une noisette des noisettes*, if I may say so.

Getting Their Own Back

As for the buffet, that is the Waterloo of some and the Austerlitz of others. "More power to your elbow" is no vain saying at the Bal de l'Hôtel de Ville. You need it in both elbows. For, you see, these people are ratepayers, and they see an opportunity of getting something of their own back at the buffet. There is very little left of the huge amount of food when the evening is over.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander IN BERLIN

THE "UNION JACK" POLICEMAN

"Here is Inglish Gespoken"

The best of Berlin's new institutions is the stationing at important centres of policemen who can speak English. At the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden, of Friedrichstrasse and Leipzigerstrasse, at the Potsdamerplatz stand heavy-bodied, quick-witted "Schutzmaenner," with beautifully embroidered Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes on their manly left sleeves. It is these flags which indicate to the rawest tourist that "Here is Inglish gespoken."

The Flagged Policeman

The restless Berlin Bystander likes to test new institutions. How to test this? Unluckily, after fifteen years' residence in Berlin he speaks some words of German, and has, therefore, no right to interrogate the flagged policeman, and distract him from helping unilingual Amurricans with broad shoulders and pork-pie hats who want to know whether the cathedral is the Kaiser's palace, and whether the Brandenburger Thor was called after the God of Thunder. Nevertheless, the Berlin Bystander resolved to test some policemen, and see whether their English is really as brave as their embroidered flags.

A Severe Test

He resolved first to put easy questions, and to make the questions gradually harder until he stumped Herr Schutzmann. He seized the flagged arm of the stout man at the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden, and asked "Where is Friedrichstrasse?" Herr Schutzmann understood at once. "Try something harder," said the Berlin Bystander to himself,

Englishman in Berlin: "Policeman, please, where is the Franzoesische (French) Street?"
Beflagged Policeman: "Franzoesische Schtriet? You ask my colleague over the way; I'm here only for the English!"
(From "Ulk," Berlin)

and he resumed: "Is there a tobacco shop at the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Dorotheenstrasse?" This question was met with a perplexed look and a slightly wrinkled brow; but after a moment the answer came forth: "Yes, there is dobacco; go to left." The Berlin Bystander now primed himself for a heroic effort, and said: "I seek the whereabouts of a distinguished thinker, whose name I have forgotten, but whose labours on logic are unquestionably familiar. . . ."

Herr Schutzmann's Embarrassment

The policeman was now discomfited. He turned as red as his Union Jack. The Berlin Bystander, therefore, resolved to simplify the problem. "I seek," he repeated, "a scholar whose labours on logic you must have . . ."

"I understand not."

"A man whose labours on logic . . ."

"I understand no more. Speak, I beg you, not too rapidly to one."

"A — man — whose — labours — on—logic . . ."

"Ah, yes, I understand. You will buy labels for luggage. If you turn the third turning . . ."

The Flattered Briton

The Berlin Bystander next tried the policeman at the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Leipzigerstrasse, and next the policeman at the Potsdamerplatz, and everywhere he found the same efficient knowledge of English. However hard the question, he got an intelligent answer after repetition. Naturally, he was flattered. What Briton would not be flattered at finding in an alien, even inimical land, his superiority so recognised that public functionaries display his national flag? What other nation thus compels respect? Russians, Italians, Dutchmen, and Turks also come in myriads to Berlin, yet never a policeman sports a Russian, Italian, Dutch, or Turkish flag.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

Naturally, the Briton is proud to find himself the only foreigner who gains deference; the only foreigner who is thus publicly advertised as certain when he goes abroad to be able to speak no language save his own.

Not a Disease

THE SPINAL CURVATURE OF A POPULAR PARISIAN DANCER

TWO POSES OF MLLE. REGINA FLORY

With the exception of Mlle. Regina Badet, French dancers are not conspicuously successful. They seem to aim at eccentricity rather than beauty, at acrobatic feats rather than grace. Presumably, that is why troupes of quite mediocre English dancers—not to speak of Russian and Italian stars like Napierkowska or Zambelli—are so much in evidence in Paris. Nothing becomes more boring than "freak" dancing. And when a lady does "splits," as in the bottom photograph, the impulse of THE BYSTANDER is to call for help

Photographs *Bert, Paris*

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A DULL, dull week has just passed. Think of it. Mr. Lloyd George absent on the Continent. No Marconi inquiry. Mr. P. Morgan's inside normal. Thousands of letters on how to stop the militants—mostly written by busy Panel doctors. A speech by Mr. John Burns. How did we survive it all?

* * *

However, it should teach us a lesson. Cabinet Ministers may be unscrupulous brigands who are heading their country straight for disaster, but the best of them do keep us from moping. Mrs. Pankhurst has done what she could, too, but how thin her efforts comparatively.

SOON TO BE ENLIGHTENED

"Dear, dear, dropped my glasses now. I wonder what'll be the next thing to happen?"

(By Feed. Buchanan)

The truth seems to be that, whereas the civilised world cannot be happy without someone to throw things at, that someone needs to be not an Aunt Sally Pankhurst, but an Uncle George, or Churchill, or McKenna.

* * *

While some Suffragettes were being rowdy at one of his meetings, Mr. John Burns is said to have called out that he knew how to deal with that sort of interruption. He was thinking, perhaps, of the quieting effect of a post in the Cabinet.

* * *

M. Poincaré has issued instructions that the Paris traffic is not to be held up when he goes out driving. It is probable that, statesmanlike, he had in mind King Canute's failure to stop the sea—after all, a much easier subject to tackle than the average Paris taxi-driver—and decided not to emulate him.

American papers have been relating how Dr. Woodrow Wilson recently gave up his seat in a crowded train to a lady. It was a kindly act, but Dr. Wilson cannot expect to rival Mr. Taft's popularity by these means. Mr. Taft, I believe, once gave up his seat in a train to three ladies.

* * *

Guard Richardson evidently does not believe in the truth of the old proverb, "*In medio tutissimus ibis*." On the contrary, he seems to think you will *not* travel very safely on the Midland.

* * *

The Bavarian Government is about to set up a school where German bandsmen (most of whom come from Bavaria) may be taught to play a little better. The scheme is doubtless well-intentioned, but I fear it will only mean that these musicians hereafter will want twopence instead of a penny before they consent to go away.

* * *

A fine specimen of peat has been discovered under St. Paul's Cathedral, and it is rumoured that the foundation is on peat. It seems a little curious under these circumstances that the Progressives of the L.C.C. have not undertaken to excavate this valuable deposit, and distribute it to such Londoners as resent the price of coal.

* * *

Golf is to be included among the Olympic Games at the forthcoming meeting at Berlin. Those who wish to see England win should try and impress upon the German authorities that the greens should be engraved with the simple words "Votes for Women," as our own representatives will otherwise be handicapped for want of practice.

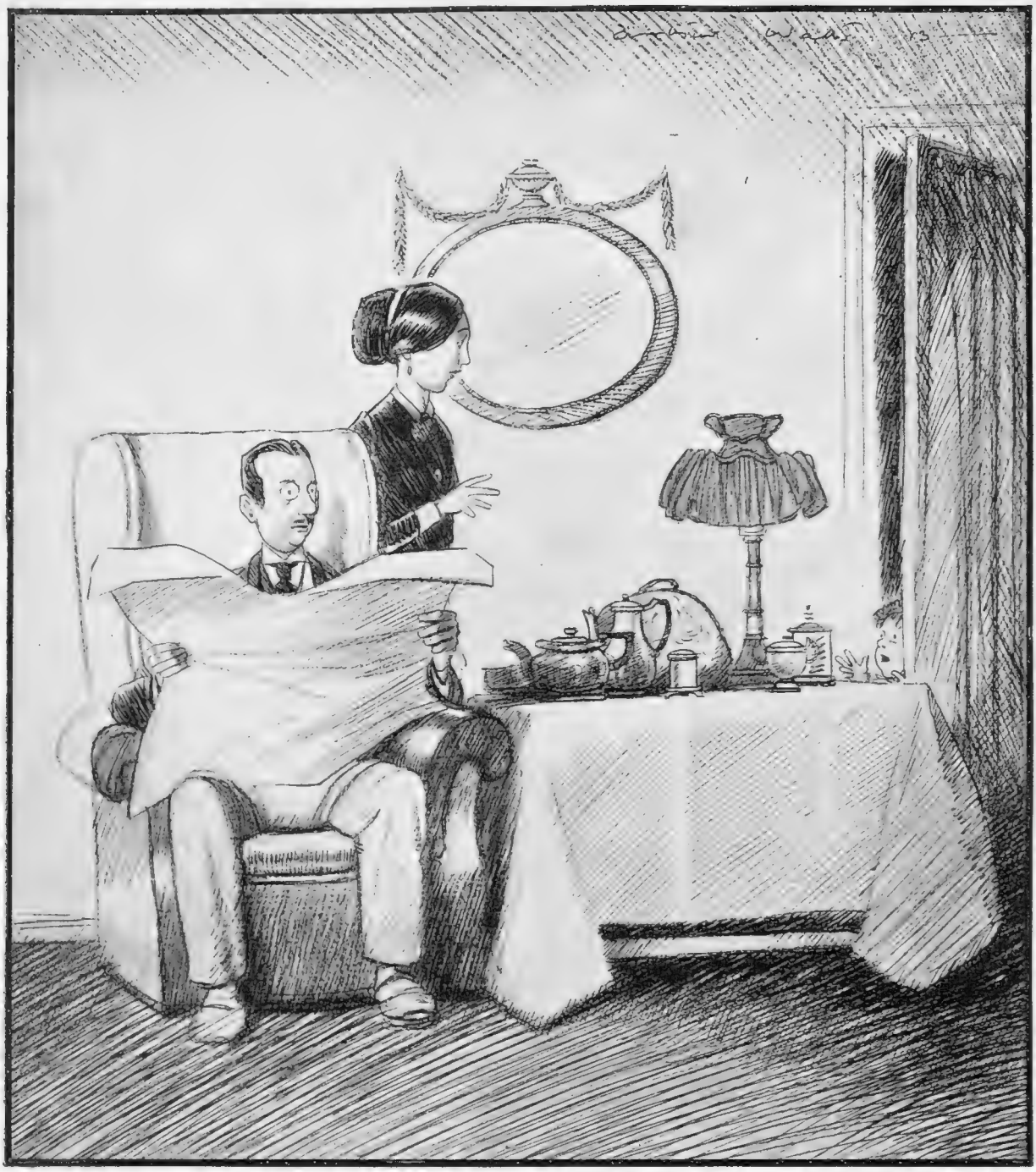
* * *

Cricket is not to be made an Olympic competition. This news may disappoint cricketers, but they should look on the bright side. There will be no need now for us to have over any American trainers to teach us this game.

* * *

By the way, I see that cricket is to be made brighter this season by having less county cricket. It is a relief to learn that the really smart matches like Eton *v.* Harrow and Publishers *v.* Authors will be played as usual.

Artistic Foresight



THE INFANT: "I want some sugar. I want some sugar. I want some sugar"
THE MOTHER: "The little darling. What a musical voice he has. I'm sure he'll be a singer one day"
THE FATHER (*gruffly*): "Yes. In oratorio, I expect"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Some impatience has been shown at the length of time taken by the competitors in the Army flight to Scotland. Is it not possible, however, that during the periods of their supposed restfulness the airmen have been making night flights over Kiel Harbour and other German fortified places?

* * *

More tobacco than ever is to be grown in England this year, but whether this will reduce the price is doubtful. Otherwise, many a poor cousin might even now be looking forward to receiving at Christmas a box of Flor de Cambridgeshire cigars.

* * *

"It is deemed very smart," says a fashion expert, "to own frock-bags—the exclusive efforts of the *couturiers*, sent out with each dress, and so made that with any other frock there is a discordancy not to be endured." The owning of such bags may be deemed very smart, but even smarter I should deem the selling of them. This, however, I admit, is merely a masculine view.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Oh! Oh!! Delphine!!!" at the Shaftesbury

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a musical comedy. A friend whom I met between the acts, and who is by way of being an expert musician, was kind encugh to assure me that Mr. Ivan Caryll's music was just the light, inconsequential form of harmony which this kind of entertainment requires. He was going on to explain that another popular want had been supplied by the presence on the stage of a number of very pretty girls; but it happens that on this subject I am by way of being an expert myself, and I did not, therefore, wait to hear his opinion. As a matter of fact, I think the pretty girls, the lovely frocks, and Mr. Ivan Caryll's music will be responsible for the success that this piece undoubtedly deserves. As far as the comedy part is concerned, I cannot honestly say that I found it particularly amusing; but, while the fit of candour is upon me, I will admit that the mirth of a gentleman who sat at the back of me was quite unrestrained during a greater part of the performance. I do not remember having before met a man with such a keen sense of—humour. He had a laugh which sounded something like a buzz-saw in a timber-yard; and he turned it on at the slightest provocation. If I had not known by instinct which parts of the play were those that were evidently intended to be funny, I should have received the necessary hint from the cacophanous hilarity behind me.

A good deal has been made of the fact that at the close of the play one righteous man in the gallery arose and called for the Censor in a loud voice. I think, however, the gentle reader who rushes to the theatre to book a seat in the hopeful expectation of seeing some peculiarly decorative form of impropriety will be disappointed. It is not difficult to guess what it was that the gallery man objected to. It is not for me to pose as a guardian of the nation's morals; and even if I were to assume so perilous a position, some plain, practical man in the crowd would probably feel justified in knocking me off my perch in the first minute. But my own objection to the situation in question is that it ought not to have been introduced, because it was a foregone conclusion that in the effort to make it English, and not French, it would have either no meaning at all or else a harsher meaning than was intended. Jolibeau, an artist, has divorced his wife Delphine, and has married the divorced wife of Bouchotte, a comedian. To adjust the balance properly, Delphine has married Bouchotte. So far the complication is quite normal, and, as far as my judgment goes, strictly proper — though, as become me, I speak under correction. In course the artist Jolibeau meets divorced wife upon the most cordial and sings a duet with her, course of which he inquires w has ever told her new husb

What! What!! Brookfield!!!

tneidge's latest production at the Shaftesbury is a magnificent display of pretty girls and lovely costumes. inusual distinction on the first night on account of a call for the Censor from an amiable crank. The ver, can have nothing to reproach himself with for having licensed such a pleasing entertainment

BY NORMAN MORROW

THE DEMUREST OF HEROINES

the rest of the query being whispered in her tiny shell-like ear.

The cardinal defect of this form of humour is that it is not funny—in English. In France, where allowance is made for a due sense of proportion, the situation is, I feel sure, uproariously droll; and my chief regret is that I have not had a chance of seeing the original. But the British public has—or, at least, professes to have—no sympathy with perfectly natural complications of this sort; and it is, therefore, not difficult to understand that a man in the gallery with an acute Nonconformist conscience should be able to read into the situation far more than the French author or his American adaptor ever dreamed of writing into it. On the other hand, it must, in fairness to the management, be insisted on that the incident itself is quite an unimportant feature of the very splendid production. In a musical comedy the plot is always more or less sketchy and vague, and the large number of people who take delight in this very airy form of entertainment assuredly regard the story as nothing more than an indispensable peg on which to hang the accompanying music and the humour of the comedians. This is so generally recognised that I have seen many musical comedies in which the plot has been cast aside entirely after the first act, and is only referred to again at the end in order that the hero may become engaged to the heroine, in conformity with tradition, as the curtain falls. The ladies, especially the single ones, insist on this satisfying detail; and if it affords them any happiness I hope I should be the last to say anything against it.

Mr. Courtice Pounds has a very good part as Pomponnet, an amorous Colonel who is very much alive to the fact that when good patriots present themselves for their periodical terms of military service they leave their wives alone and unprotected. This detail is, however, treated in the lightest possible fashion; though whenever the Colonel's failing was alluded to in even the vaguest terms, the man with the serrated laugh behind me let himself go quite joyously. Miss Iris Hoey is the Delphine of the piece—the lady who is supposed to have given even the parrot occasion to cry "Oh! Oh!!" but no one would guess as much from her dainty and demure appearance. Mr. Walter Passmore will, no doubt, in a week or so have "worked up" his part so that he becomes as riotously amusing as we have the right to expect the leading comedian in such a piece to be.

JINGLE

AFTER A GAME OF KISS-IN-THE-RING

GROWN-UP: "And what are you going to be when you're a man, Bobby?"
BOBBY (unhesitatingly): "A Mormon"

BY ARTH'

A West Country Fox Hunt

A MEET OF THE FOUR BURROW FOXHOUNDS AT TREGOTHNAN LODGE

The pack coming through the Lodge arch, which forms an effective natural frame to the hounds and huntsmen

AT LAST—A REALLY GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF HOUNDS

Quite a pleasing picture of the Four Burrow Hounds and their Master, Mr. Aubrey Willis (resigning at the end of the present season), who is conversing with a Huntsman. The Four Burrow country lies in Cornwall, and convenient centres are Truro, Helston, and Falmouth

Some Celebritie

PROMINENT PEOPLE
CAUGHT BY

MADAME POINCARÉ

On the arm of M. Mollard, on her way to attend the opening, by her husband, of the Paris Agricultural Show. We trust she is getting quite accustomed to the fame that has been thrust upon her

DUKE OF SAXE

Who has joined the innumerable army of

THE KING OF DENMARK

Who has been paying a visit to the Kaiser in Berlin, and is seen driving with his host through the streets

THE TSAR O

Who has been inspecting the motor waggons of his army—we hope without a presence of the War Minister, Gen. Sukhomlinoff (with white beard), who is se several Gen

ies in Cosmopolis

E OF TOPICAL INTEREST
THE CAMERA

XE COBURG-GOTHA
y of bobsleigh victims, having broken his leg

THE CROWN-PRINCESS OF SWEDEN (on left)
Who must be the only lady member of a reigning house to captain an ice-hockey team

R OF RUSSIA
ut any ulterior or definite motive. Our photograph shows His Majesty in the is seen immediately on the Tsar's left, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and Generals

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK
Who accompanied her husband to Berlin, and was met by the Kaiserin. Our photograph shows them driving from the station

The Bystander on the RIVIERA

On the Promenade at Cannes

THE CELEBRITY FAMINE ENDED

Notabilities

The season has arrived at last, and with its arrival the celebrity famine has come to an end. Indeed, we are almost suffering from a plethora of the desirable commodity. At the time of writing we have Mr. Lloyd George to gaze at in the restaurant of the new Negresco Hotel, whose cuisine he seems greatly to appreciate; we have the choice of admiring the prowess at golf of either Mr. Arthur Balfour or Mr. Winston Churchill, who have elected to domicile at Cannes; and we have Mr. Bonar Law to watch at the Paris at Monte Carlo. At Mentone the Crown-Princess Stephanie is the "star," while at Cap Martin the lucky ones may get a glimpse of the ex-Empress Eugénie. I say "lucky" advisedly, for the ex-Empress is distinctly an elusive visitor. I know one camera-man who has sought her for the last five years and has not yet succeeded in "bagging" her.

The Lucky Monégasque

Monte has now got back its Prince, to say nothing of its Hereditary ditto, and the threatened trouble which the ever-discontented Monégasques promised to cause him appears to have fizzled out. Why on earth a Monégasque should ever want to "kick" passes everybody's understanding except his own. He lives free from rates and taxes in a glorious climate, where money is scattered about more than freely. He has a Prince that never bothers him and a Casino to provide him with whatever he may want. Above all, he does not boast one Suffragette in all the length and breadth of his land. Could anyone possess a more ideal *patrie?*

Gambling Sensations

We have had one or two gambling sensations at last. The Duke of Westminster, who flew off to Rome after a day or two spent between Cannes and Monte, netted quite a nice little amount at the Sporting Club, and it made one rather envious to hear him say to a friend after a stake of two milles on the middle dozen had just "come off": "Is that any use to you?" And then the other night at the Sporting Club twenty-nine turned up three times running, and an American lady who never plays on any other number, happened to be at the table at the time, and "got right on it" each time, so much so that they had to send for more money. Another stroke of luck fell to a Russian at the Grand Cercle, where there has been some very high play of late, for he managed to go very nearly right through the pack at *chemin-de-fer*, and the last amount I saw him rake in was fourteen thousand francs! His must certainly have been the record win of the season, so far as Nice is concerned.

MISS LILIAN GRENVILLE

(In musical reverie ingeniously arranged by the photographer), who is now playing at the Nice Casino. A few nights back she scored a great success in Maeterlinck's "Ariane et Barbe Bleue"

Winter Sports

The winter sports at Péone have now caught on so well that the rest-house is already proving too small, and it has been definitely decided to build a palace hotel and a funiculaire, which should be ready in a couple of years' time. So Switzerland will have to look out for herself!

The Tango Craze

We are badly bitten by the tango craze down here, for Ciro's have engaged that famous dancer, Bajo, and the Réserve de Beaulieu has blossomed out with a series of "grand tango suppers," the first of which proved a huge success, the ever-youthful Anna Held being the star of the evening, while Mr. "Solly" Joel brought a large party of friends. Then they tango at the Nice Casino, to say nothing of Ernest's, and it's quite the smart thing to go in for a series of tango lessons.

Maeterlinck Idiosyncrasies

Talking of the Nice Casino, they have been giving us some remarkable shows of late. Maeterlinck's *Ariane et Barbe Bleue*, at which he positively declined to assist, was one of them, and showed off the beautiful Lilian Grenville to immense advantage, and *Rigoletto*, with Barrientos and Renaud (of the Paris Opéra), was another. Barrientos is absolutely a second Patti, and the Casino have, indeed, given us a musical treat by engaging her. Later on we are to have Maeterlinck's *Marie Madeleine*, with Mme. Maeterlinck in the title-rôle—a production which should prove of enormous interest. One wonders whether the poet will be present at that! His dislike of his own works once they have been set to music is notorious.

R. W. M.

No Idea for a New Title

For the Usual Page of the Usual People in the Usual "Sunny South"

LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER
On the polo ground at Cannes

LORD HERBERT

MR. F. W. RAHE
Winner of the Cannes Tennis Tournament, snapped in the final

LORD TWEEDMOUTH
A lawn tennis enthusiast at Monte Carlo

MR. A. F. WILDING
England's lawn tennis champion, at Cannes Tennis Club

MME. MAETERLINCK
Better known as Mme. Georgette Leblanc, photographed exclusively for "The Bystander" in the garden of her villa at Nice. With Mme. Maeterlinck is Goland, her favourite bulldog

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT
The celebrated American actress (second from the right in photograph), attends a polo match at Cannes

Lieut. Wagner's Book

THE chapter which will conceivably prove of the greatest interest to the public in Lieut. Hermenegild Wagner's book, *With the Victorious Bulgarians* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is that which tells of his own methods and the reasons for his success. For a man to achieve European renown in the space of one week is no ordinary feat, but the Lieutenant certainly carved out a position for himself to which none of the other war correspondents could reach. The secret of his success, he tells us, "is to be sought in the circumstance that I was able to bring to bear upon my task more certain guarantees than any of my competitors could command." In the first place, he knew the Bulgarian language—an enormous advantage; and in the second place he had established relations "with influential circles in Bulgaria." Well, that is the advice one feels inclined to give to the war correspondents who were not so lucky as Wagner—to establish relations with influential circles.

LIEUT. WAGNER

Who became famous in a week by reason of his success as a war correspondent to the "Reichspost" in the early part of the Turko-Bulgarian campaign. His book, "With the Victorious Bulgarians" (Constable: 7s. 6d. net) is reviewed on this page

Circumstances Explained

The general view will be, I suppose, that so long as a war correspondent gets home to his paper an accurate account of what has happened, or, rather, of what is happening, his mission will have been accomplished. Things were certainly in Wagner's favour, but he seems to have made the most of them, and few will grudge him his success. Rumours flew about that those wonderful despatches of his were largely the product of a powerful imagination, but this book goes some way, at any rate, towards explaining circumstances which may have led to those rumours. Much of the book is given up to the condition of affairs just previous to the war, and the forty-five illustrations, which include a facsimile of a telegram that was apparently "disputed," add considerably to its interest.

A Dancer's Reminiscences

"I had seen her only as she had been seen by multitudes from every corner of the globe, on the stage, waving her draperies in the first lights, or transformed into a great resplendent lily, revealing to us a new and dignified type of beauty." That is how Anatole France begins his introduction to Loie Fuller's reminiscences, now translated into English and published under the title, *Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life* (Herbert Jenkins: 12*s.* 6*d.* net). You are pleasantly struck by a most fascinating design on the cover, which idealises one of the dancer's most famous successes. And the story which Loie Fuller, the "little girl from the West," has to tell, if fragmentary, is undeniably interesting. It will come as news to most people that the inventor of the famous serpentine dance started her career as a comedy actress on the American stage, and obtained a large enough reputation to prevent the managers from allowing her to appear in the unaccustomed rôle of dancer. But the accidental discovery of the dance which all the world went to see had put an end to the acting, and henceforth Loie Fuller went from one triumph to another. She came to Paris, and has much to say of Sarah, of Camille Flammarion, of Dumas the younger, that despot of the drama, and of Anatole France, whose admiration for her art has permitted him to pen as pleasant a eulogy as anyone could desire. There have been superior people who have sneered at Loie Fuller, and given such credit as they have allowed her performance to merit to her electricians, but the dances which she invented were like nothing else that had ever been seen. Certainly no one can ever forget that marvellous dance of the lily. And here is her book, with many photographs, of which, perhaps, the most interesting is one of Loie Fuller herself in the actual dress in which she performed the original serpentine dance.

The Mystery That Is Not Explained

Witching Hill (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), by E. W. Hornung, is an eerie story about curious and rather horrible things that happen on one of those new estates which are springing up in every suburb. Of course, it was once the park of an old estate, and there is an evil genius of the place which appears to have the most extraordinary effects on the people who come to live there. I cannot, however, help feeling that Mr. Hornung has played us a trick. His ghost is one of those ghosts which you expect to have explained to you in the last chapter, a last chapter which is going to make clear everything uncanny that has happened, but, alas! this last chapter does not exist, and so, as I have said, we are left with an eerie story and—nothing else. However, the book contains plenty of exciting incident, and makes good reading.

RALPH STRAUS

Nature as a Sculptor

MOUNTAINS WHICH REPRODUCE THE FEATURES OF FAMOUS MEN

KING GEORGE

A striking resemblance to be seen in the Canadian rockies. We congratulate the Canadians in possessing nature so considerate as to erect effigies gratis. The idea is a good one, and should be encouraged in this country

MR. JOHN REDMOND

A characteristic profile of the Irish leader carved by nature in the rock on the slopes of Castle Hill at Scarborough. This is one of the very few occasions on which Mr. John Redmond has appeared in the illustrated Press in a passive rather than an active rôle

MR. BALFOUR CONTEMPLATES THE HEAVENS IN PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT

The above quite life-like portrait of Mr. Balfour has been discovered in the Ruh-i-Surgh range of mountains near Shiraz, Persia, by an observant Bystander, who promptly photographed it and sent a print to us for publication

La Joie de Joilette: A Merry Party in the Snow

At Joilette, a small French-Canadian town some fifty miles from Montreal, winter sports are in full swing. But here no imposing paraphernalia, such as skis and toboggans, are necessary to the winter sportsman, a pair of ordinary snow-shoes meeting his requirements. Every year, at the beginning of the season a service is held at the Cathedral, when the snow-shoes are solemnly blessed. Is not something of the same kind wanted in Switzerland with reference to bobsleighs?

Bystander Short Story

THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT

By Armiger Barclay

YOU don't go down Bond Street on a fine morning looking for social wrecks. Calamity of that sort has a light touch on the saunterer there. Men with worries, women with heartache, will pass you undetected. Under a well-fitting coat and the usual immaculate accessories, or masked beneath soft furs and silks, trouble may gnaw, but it gnaws unseen. As an exercise-ground for Spartan fortitude, reduced to its modern equivalent, the sunny side of Bond Street is taboo.

Which brings me to Jerry Fermoy.

His delicate nostrils s emed to draw in the scented air around Briedenbach's with the satisfaction of a young man free from care. From his well-polished boots to his glossy hat (Jerry liked to shine at both ends) his well-groomed appearance defied criticism. His step was springy, his manner debonair.

But beneath his creaseless coat the wolf was anything but idle. It kept its teeth in the raw spot of a fatal mistake. Every time it bit Jerry winced at the recollection of a kiss in a darkened conservatory. The kiss had been intended for Helen Rouse of beauteous memory as a preliminary to a proposal of marriage. That it had been bestowed, instead, on the fascinating American widow with whom his uncle was *épris* was a link in a long chain of accidents. Helen had been five minutes behind time; Carrie E. Madison, the said widow, as many ahead of an assignation with Uncle John James Bloundell. Kissing was in the air, the gloom complaisant, Uncle J. J. the estoppel. His abrupt entrance, unexpected by his nephew, sent Jerry's kiss skidding. But that did not affect the consequences. Uncle J. J. was mad. He refused to listen to explanations, and Jerry was shown the door.

Then a curt letter came informing him of a cessation of supplies. Uncle J. J., inexorable as a gas company, had cut off his allowance of £600 a year. In addition, Jerry found all his future hopes dished by the announcement of Uncle J. J.'s approaching marriage to the fascinating widow. The latter news was later on confirmed by the lady herself.

My Dear Jerry (she wrote),—I'm real sorry your uncle is mad with you. However, cheer up. I have made him promise that if you can make good to the extent of £500 within three months he will forgive you for that little mistake in the conservatory, and continue your suspended allowance. You will then be in a position to propose to your dear Helen after all, and your uncle will, perhaps, believe your original explanation. Now start right in and prove your mettle. There's plenty of money going around, and you've only got to corner a little mite of it.—With best wishes, your affec. aunt, CARRIE J. J. BLOUNDELL.

With these two missives and an attentuated purse in his pocket, Jerry found himself in Bond Street, meditating about the elusive five hundred. It seemed a ridiculous proposition. Partly from habit he went into his pet haberdashers' to give an order for cerulean socks. Coming out he ran into Fanshawe, who was going in.

Fanshawe was a club acquaintance, a reserved, well-groomed, young-old man. He had a reputation of being deadly at cards, or "snooker." In all other respects he was desirable.

"Hulloa," he smiled. "Laying in a stock of mourning gloves? You look glum enough."

Jerry nodded dismally. "To tell you the truth, I've had a bit of a knock, and I haven't got over it yet."

"Broke?"

"Well—bent," admitted Jerry.

Fanshawe's keen eyes studied him for a moment.

"Come and have a snack at my rooms, and tell me all about it," he said cheerily. "Perhaps I can help."

He was older than Jerry, but they were both Crispin College men, although of different years.

Fanshawe's rooms were in Mount Street. Jerry had never been there before. From the look of the place he judged that their occupant did himself very well: lived on the fat of the land, in fact. The furniture

PICTURE SERIALS (Complete in One Number)

SCENE I. (*Continued on p.* 510)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

and appointments were luxurious. The excellent lunch that Fanshawe gave to Jerry confirmed the impression. The caviare was superfine, the *châteaubriand* tender, the Stilton of a ripeness captivating to the palate. Fanshawe also showed a nice discretion in vintage claret. Jerry, whose alimentary tastes had not been violently exercised of late, did himself well. He sighed with contentment over coffee and a good cigar.

"Can't help envying you, old chap," he could not resist saying, using his fragrant Laranaga in a circular gesture. "Cosy quarters, plenty of tin, everything you want—all on the nod, so to speak."

"Quite so," Fanshawe agreed. "Literally, on the nod."

"Eh?"

"The way I get my living."

Jerry showed surprise. He had never regarded Fanshawe as one of the toilers.

"You wouldn't guess my trade in a couple of fortnights," said Fanshawe.

"Trade?" echoed Jerry.

"Yes. I'm an author."

"Great Scott! Novels?"

"Not exactly. Shorter stuff—fiction. It pays rather."

"So I see," observed Jerry, with newborn respect for his host. "Wish I'd brains enough for anything like that. But I'm a pretty average sort of ass. I can ride a bit, drive a car, hold straight at driven birds, and that's about all. How's a chap like me to earn five hundred golden Jimmies in three months?"

"Why should you?"

"It's not a case of 'why.' But if I don't perform the bally miracle in the time it'll be a case of 'biff!'"

Asked to explain this cryptic statement, Jerry unburdened himself of his woes. Fanshawe listened attentively, but his face gave no indication of whether he did so sympathetically or not.

"So here I am," finished the victim of misdirected kissing, "on my beam ends, one of the also-rans, with a monkey between me and my next pair of boots, not to mention the girl I clean missed in the conservatory. I've a pretty strong conviction there isn't a financier in the City who'd advance me anything on security of that kind, eh?"

"Hardly." Fanshawe's lip twitched. "And yet you're a deserving case. I'd like to help you."

Jerry sat up. "My dear chap," he exclaimed. "Thanks ever so much, but it can't be done."

"I don't mean lend you the coin. I haven't got it. I'm always liquidating old favours," said Fanshawe enigmatically. "But I might help you to get it. It amounts to this: you want five hundred, don't you?"

"Want or need. Either word fits it like a glove."

"Would you borrow it?" queried Fanshawe.

"What do you think?" returned Jerry. "But that's hardly the point. I don't know a soul who'd lend it."

"No, you don't *know* any, but it's astonishing what a generous-hearted public is capable of."

Fanshawe began scribbling on the back of an envelope. Jerry watched him with perplexity.

"How will this do?" said the talented author.

To save from UTTER DESPAIR. Will a few benevolent people contribute £5 each in aid of unfortunate young man of good social position? Unimpeachable references. Repayment without fail. Delay may be dangerous.—Address Z, c/o the *Daily Dash*, etc.

"Good lord!" gasped Jerry.

"Or this?" This time the literary man extemporised.

URGENT.—Would some sympathetic heart befriend gentleman of Catholic sensibilities who is thereby rendered penniless? £100 will be of material assistance. Reference and note of hand at three months.

"'Catholic sensibilities' should appeal to a large section of wealthy people," observed Fanshawe. "Moreover, the words have the merit of being strictly true."

"But—but, hang it, I'm not a Catholic!" faltered Jerry.

"You are in an unlit conservatory," chuckled his friend. "Then we might also appeal to the individual, thus:

CONSTANCE. — Will mothers of this name give timely help to a youth in dire straits: A pound or two from a few sympathetic hearts will save him body and soul. Address, 'Prodigal,' etc.

and so forth."

"But, look here, I don't know what you're driving at," objected Jerry.

"Isn't it evident? I'm an author. I'll authorise for you—or agonise, if you like the word better."

"What, in the papers?"

"Exactly."

"But—you don't mean to say people are such bally idiots as to answer advertisements like that?"

"Try 'em and see."

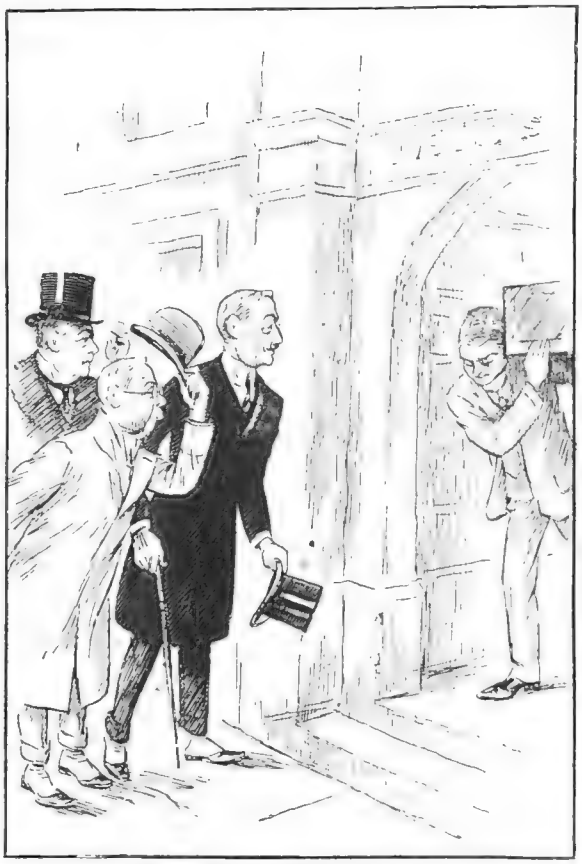
"But isn't it a bit shady?"

"Not if you pay 'em back."

"Oh, I'd pay back right enough. But, I say, how about the references you spoke of?"

(Continued on page 512)

PICTURE SERIALS (Complete in One Number)



SCENE II. (Continued on p. 512)

"How Unhappy Could I Be With Either"

Photograph *White, N. Y.*

GABY DESLYS IN THE REVUE AT THE WINTER GARDENS, NEW YORK

The Bystander has always taken off his hat to Gaby for her extreme cleverness—in being Gaby. Once more, to judge by the well made-up unattractiveness of her two partners, she has known how to show off her beauty and charm to the best advantage

(Continued from page 510)

"I'll be your reference. In fact, if you like, I'll negotiate the whole business for you."

"Won't they want to know my name, and all about me?"

"Not necessarily. I can hint that, owing to your exalted social standing, you prefer not to divulge your identity. Is it a go?"

"It beats me altogether!" mused Jerry. "I'd have bet a thousand to a thick 'un against a game like that coming off."

Fanshawe shrugged. "There must be some reason for the perennial appeals in the agony columns. You may take it that people wouldn't go on advertising if there weren't something in it. Advertisement pays, whether you're ruined or rich."

"I wonder," said Jerry. "By George, Fanshawe, it's awfully good of you to put me up to it. I shall be most infernally grateful if it comes off."

"Well, as they say in Parliamentary circles, 'wait and see,'" said Fanshawe oracularly.

And at that they left it. Jerry took his departure with another of Fanshawe's fat and aromatic cigars between his teeth. He retraced his steps down Bond Street, feeling more of a man than he had for a considerable time past. Fanshawe's optimistic scheme filled his mind. It stilled the activities of the gnawing wolf. He nodded cheerily to the friends he met as he walked along the sunny side of the street.

Once more he sniffed appreciatively at the air about the big perfumery shop at the corner of Burlington Street. Did the pleasant fragrance presage good-fortune? It did. Straight towards him came the slight and dainty figure of the beauteous Helen. As usual, she was in "rings and things and fine array." She tinkled as she walked. Her little feet went pit-a-pat, and Jerry's heart beat in unison. She came to a sudden stop. A fine shade of pink mantled in her cheeks.

"Jer——Mr. Fermoy!" she exclaimed. "I—I've been wondering what had become of you."

Jerry took the small *suède*-clad hand. Its gentle warmth made him tingle.

"I haven't seen you," continued the fair creature, "since that night when you—you asked me to be in the conservatory."

"I know. The night I skidded," said Jerry gloomily.

"You what?"

"Made a howler. Wasted a kiss. Put my foot in it. And all because you didn't turn up."

"What *do* you mean? I *was* there—and you weren't. As for wasting a kiss, I don't——"

"No, you wouldn't. But you may as well know. I meant the kiss for you. Please don't look so shocked. I was in earnest. That night I was going to ask you——" Jerry stopped to sigh. "Oh, well," he went on despondently, "now it's out of the question, unless——"

"Unless what? You are so enigmatic. Do please explain."

Jerry took his courage in both hands.

"It's an awful complication," he said. "It was dark, you know, and someone came in, and I kissed her. I thought it was you, but, worse luck, it was the American widow Uncle J. J. was gone on. Then Uncle J. J. came in too, and we had a 'front-scene.'"

"I don't wonder! *I* was only five minutes late. I waited a quarter of an hour in the conservatory."

Jerry groaned.

"And what happened then?" demanded Helen.

In the quiet of Old Burlington Street Jerry told her the whole of the unfortunate sequel.

"So you see what a hole I'm in," he finished in conclusion. "I've got two months and eighteen days left. If in that time I don't pull off the five hundred I'm left at the post."

Helen gave a startled look at the clock over the Arcade.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Only two months and eighteen days left, and here we are wasting the precious moments!"

"Wasting 'em?" he stared.

"Yes, Jerry, dear." A suppliant hand lay for a moment upon his sleeve; a pair of beautiful and entreating eyes were fixed on his. "You *mustn't* be left at the post — for *my* sake!"

The next moment, in maidenly confusion, Helen was lost to sight behind the doors of an adjacent shop.

"That settles it," said Jerry fervently to a lamp-post. "I'll collar that 'monkey,' if—if I have to rob the Zoo!"

Determination is one thing, opportunity another. With all the will in the world to redeem his promise, Jerry found that five-hundred-pound proposition well-nigh impossible of solution. He descended on friends in the City with it, and got laughed at. He made an enemy of a pal in the motoring business by suggesting a fantastic scheme whereby he was to be paid the desired amount in advance. Indeed, for several days he was full of schemes that irritated the

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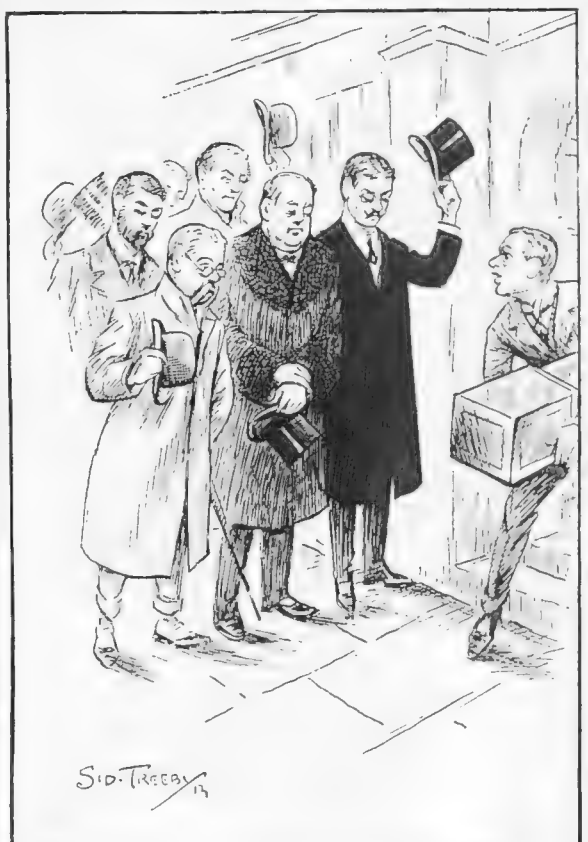
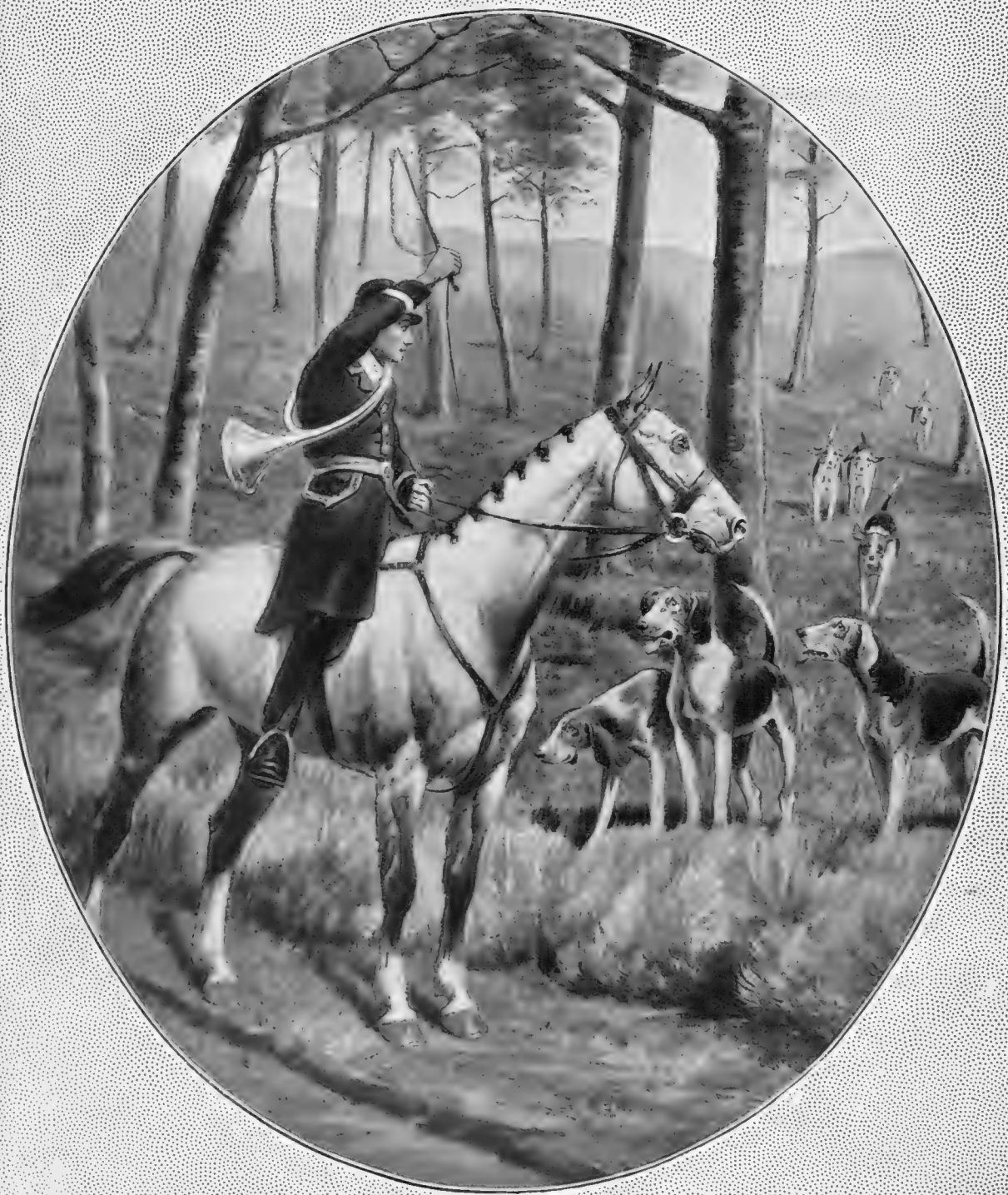


SCENE III. (Continued on p. 514)

(Continued on page 514)

ELLIMAN'S



EMBROCATION

(Continued from page 512)

people to whom he submitted them. He was about to commence another pilgrimage of the same sort when a wire from Fanshawe reached him. It was a request that he should call.

In the stress of money-hunting he had almost forgotten Fanshawe and his advertising project. Wondering what he could want, he went round to Mount Street.

"Had any luck?" asked Fanshawe.

"No. Have you? I mean with those advertisements?" asked Jerry.

"Seen the papers I put 'em in? No, I thought not. Well, take a pew and a cigar, and you shall hear."

Jerry sat down and lit up. Fanshawe produced a bundle of correspondence.

"You remember the first advertisement?" he said.

"The 'utter despair' one?"

"Yes. Well, it didn't do badly. Brought in fifteen tenners, in fact. That's £150. Wait! Six of them were anonymous. That leaves you only £90 to pay back."

Jerry let his cigar drop.

"The 'urgent' one—'Catholic sensibilities,' you know—wasn't fully subscribed, so to speak. It only brought £50 from one source and £30 from another. That's three months' bills for £80 up against you. Sit still, I haven't finished. Now we come to the 'Constances.' They were a regular bull market. Seventy-three mothers of that name came up to the scratch with varying amounts totalling £294. Only about half of them will rank. The rest omitted to give their names and addresses. Here are the details."

He handed Jerry a fist-full of banknotes and a neatly tabulated account showing £524 received with liabilities amounting to £341. Jerry stared and stared from one to the other.

"Mean to say—it's true!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"But—it's a bally miracle! I can't believe it!"

"Neither did I when I first began."

"*You* first began!" gasped Jerry.

"My dear chap," said Fanshawe. "A fellow's got to live, either by the toil of his hands, the skin of his teeth, or the exercise of his brains. Having brains of a sort, I prefer to live by them. I'm a standing appeal—per advertisement—to the benevolent idiots whose chief interest in life lies in the agony-columns of the newspapers. I'm half-brother to the company-promoter. The difference between us is that *he* advertises by the column and I by the inch. He appeals to cupidity, I to charity. He generally keeps all he gets, I pay back all I can. What I've done for you I've been doing for years for myself. Sometimes I'm a widow lady who has lost her little all. Sometimes I'm a clergyman bringing up a family of ten on a stipend that wouldn't keep a brick-laying Trade Unionist on strike-pay. I'm a Society lady with bridge debts. I'm girls in every conceivable sort of difficulties. In short, I'm disaster personified, and I'm always my own reference. It's a system I discovered for myself, though I don't suppose I'm the only one at it. It pays. Of course, I'm owing someone all the time, but I square up in the end with a good bit over because I get the turn of the market. If people won't disclose their names and addresses it's not my fault. Have I made it all clear to you?"

"Clear as mud!" Jerry let off a long and low whistle. "Do you know, Fanshawe, I always used to believe in those distressing advertisements. Not long ago I sent a fiver to a girl who said she was starving. She paid it back within a month."

"That starving girl was me," grinned Fanshawe, "which is one of the reasons why I wanted to give you a leg-up. I'm glad I've been able to."

"You're a trump!" exclaimed Jerry. "If it hadn't been for you——"

"That's all right. Just one drink for luck, and then off you go to your Uncle J. J. with the boodle!"

Half an hour later Jerry at his club was keeping one of the servants on the run with telegrams. The first was to Helen:

Everything all right. Will you meet me Rumpelmayer's 4.30?

The second, to Uncle J. J., ran thus:

Fulfilled your stipulation. Over five hundred to the good. Am I reinstated?

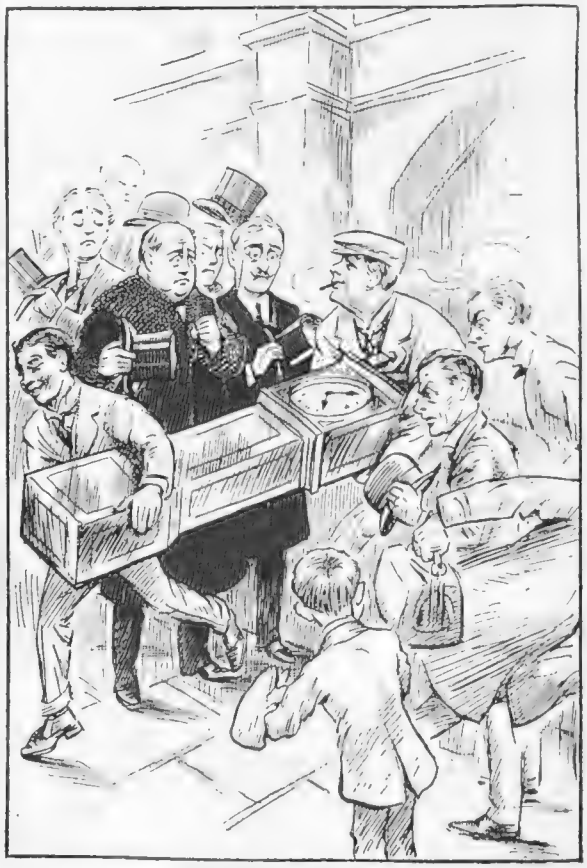
And the third to Mrs. J. J. Bloundell:

Have made good. See uncle. Will you invite Miss Rouse to stay. Want to rectify mistake in conservatory.

When the answers, all in the affirmative, reached him, Jerry placed them in his pocket-book, already heavy with banknotes.

"Left at the post?" he jubilantly soliloquised. "Not much! Hanged if I'm not going all the stronger for a bit of extra weight!" ARMIGER BARCLAY

PICTURE SERIALS (Complete in One Number)



SCENE IV. (*The End*)

DRAWN BY SID TREEBY

The Proprietors of THE LADIES' FIELD have pleasure in announcing that they have secured the Serial rights of

DODO THE SECOND

By E. F. BENSON

Being a Sequel to Mr. Benson's Famous novel "DODO," which was the most talked-of and discussed novel of its year.

"DODO THE SECOND" in its turn will be the talk of the London Season.

Readers will learn from

DODO THE SECOND

what happened to Dodo the first, and the mystery of the identity of that audacious and brilliant person will be elucidated. "DODO THE SECOND" —still "audacious, brilliant, wholly surprising"—is irresistible.

"DODO THE SECOND" commences with a first large instalment in the

SPRING FASHIONS DOUBLE NUMBER

OF

The Ladies' Field

Dated March 8th.

England's Chance in the Olympic Games

III.—SOME FURTHER CAUSES OF FAILURE

POLE-JUMPING
(1) At the top of the rise

The Pole Jump

WITH most events one can trace them directly to some ancient usage or custom, or to a natural instinct, such as the desire to be able to run with great rapidity, or to clear obstacles. In the Fen country for generations every peasant has carried his pole to assist him in leaping the dykes, and from this custom has sprung the modern pole jump event in the Olympian programme. Recalling the bygone days of the old village fayre, to which the "lads o' the fens" brought their poles, gaily bedecked with ribbons, to outleap each other for distance, one wonders what they would think to-day if they could see the Olympic champions clearing their 12ft. or 13ft. in height. It is a curious thing, too, that such a purely English event should have become, to all intents and purposes, extinct among

STANDING HIGH JUMP (F. O. KITCHING)
(1) A near thing

Englishmen, with the exception of the professional jumpers who take part in the Grasmere sports. At the British Olympic trials last year there was not a single competitor in this event, nor had we anyone to represent us at Stockholm in the Games. During the last twelve years the championship has only four times been won by an Englishman, and in three of these cases there was only one competitor.

Why England Lags Behind

The cause of the defection of English athletes in this event is due almost entirely to the lack of competition and the bad conditions under which the very limited number of competitions are carried out. The ash pole usually provided by the sports committee is heavy, and the athlete takes his life in his hand when using it, for should it break he stands a very fair chance of being impaled thereon. Bamboo poles only should be used, also a sand-pit should most certainly be provided, for to get 10ft. or 12ft. up in the air with a rush, and then to land on the turf the other side, possibly on one's feet, possibly not, is no joke. The event excites immense interest among the spectators, and is, perhaps, the most thrilling of all, both to watch and to take part in, for the athlete who essays to become a pole-jumper must have any amount of pluck and patience, and must also have a good pair of arms, and be prepared to take some nasty tumbles.

POLE-JUMPING
(2) Releasing the pole

A Beautiful Sight

It is a beautiful sight to see the pole-jumper take his graceful, speedy run with pole upheld, until he plants the spiked end firmly, and rises from the ground, swinging up his legs so that it seems that he must topple back; then, when the bar is reached, the pole is pushed

STANDING HIGH JUMP
(2) Well over

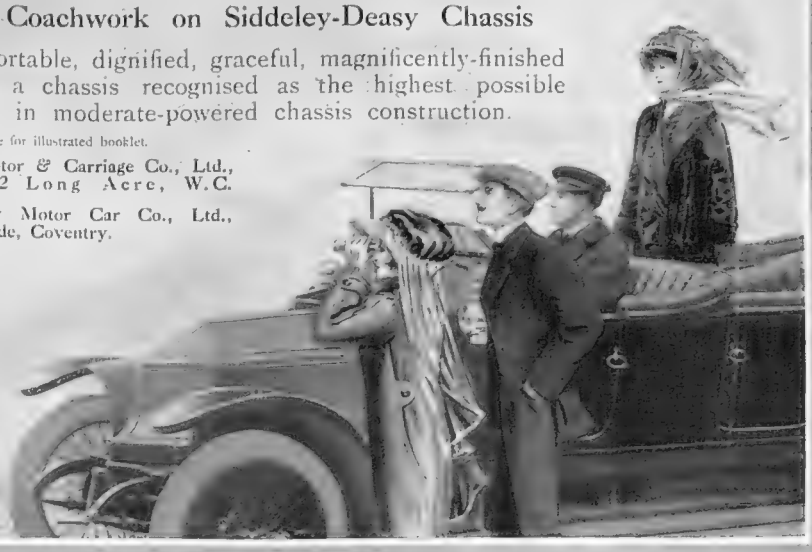
Connaught Coachwork on Siddeley-Deasy Chassis

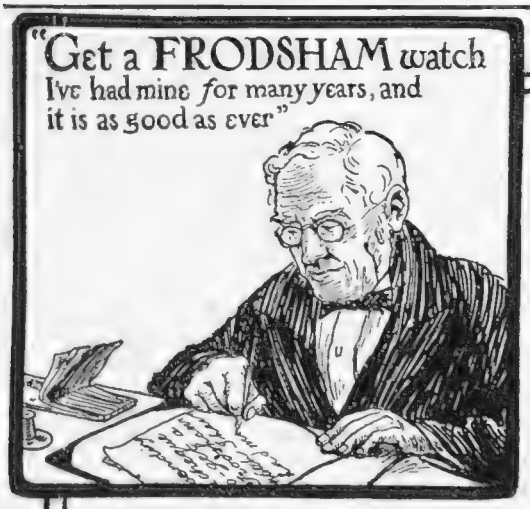
Superbly comfortable, dignified, graceful, magnificently-finished coachwork on a chassis recognised as the highest possible attainment in moderate-powered chassis construction.

Please write for illustrated booklet.

The Connaught Motor & Carriage Co., Ltd.,
27-9 and 121-2 Long Acre, W.C.

The Siddeley-Deasy Motor Car Co., Ltd.,
Parkside, Coventry.



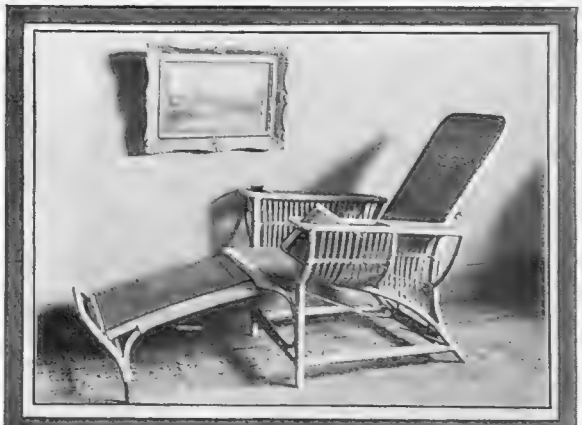


FRODSHAM'S

FINE ENGLISH WATCHES

Silver - - from £10 10 0
Gold - - from £21 to £300
Gold Wristlet Watches, own make - from £9 9 0 to £21
Repeaters, Chronographs, and special "Tourbillon" Watches always in Stock.

Chas Frodsham & Co Ltd
115 NEW BOND ST LONDON



A DRYAD CHAIR

has that distinction of style & quality of workmanship only found where the skilled craftsman and artist work hand in hand. The designs are original and have a quiet dignity found in none of the many imitations now being offered as "like Dryad."

Silver Medal, Brussels Exhibition, 1910
Diploma of Honour, Turin, 1911

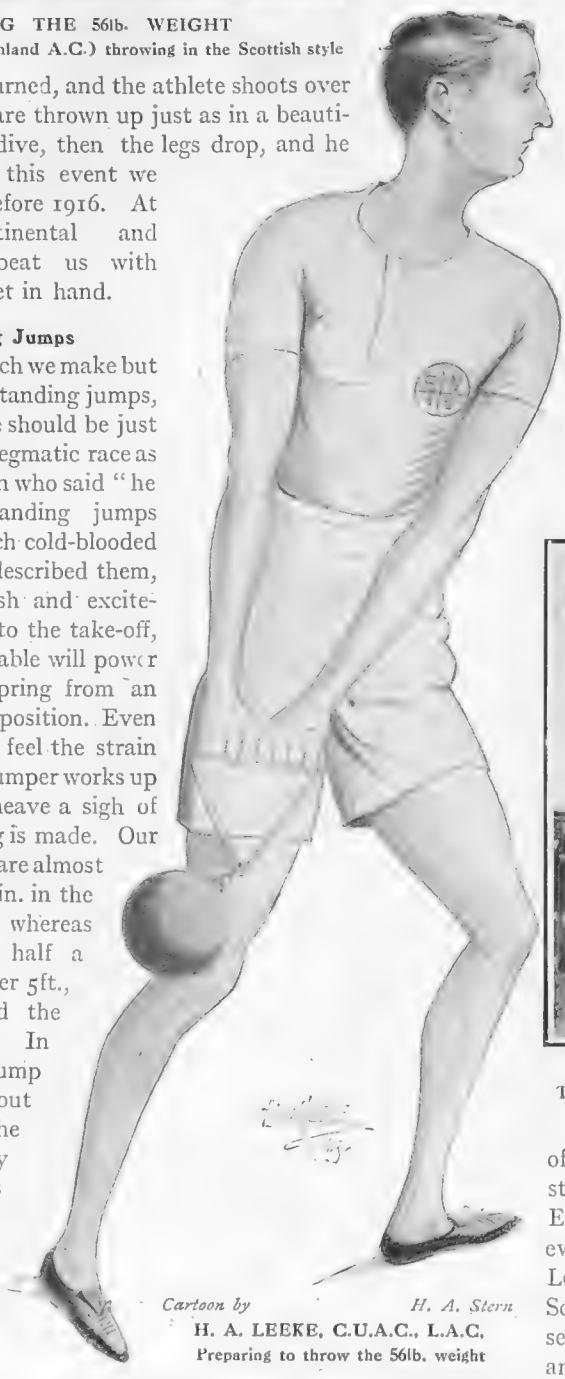
Illustrated book of designs post free from maker
H. H. Peach, Y dept., Dryad Works, Leicester

THROWING THE 56lb. WEIGHT
H. A. Macrae (London Highland A.C.) throwing in the Scottish style

away, the body has turned, and the athlete shoots over face down, the arms are thrown up just as in a beautifully graceful swan dive, then the legs drop, and he comes to earth. For this event we must find jumpers before 1916. At present the Continental and American athletes beat us with two or even three feet in hand.

The Standing Jumps

Other events in which we make but a poor show are the standing jumps, and yet, surely, these should be just the *forte* of such a phlegmatic race as the English. The man who said "he didn't like the standing jumps because they were such cold-blooded affairs" most aptly described them, for one misses the rush and excitement of the run up to the take-off, and it needs considerable will power to make a sudden spring from an absolutely motionless position. Even the onlookers seem to feel the strain on the nerves as the jumper works up to his effort, and heave a sigh of relief when the spring is made. Our best English jumpers are almost equal to doing 4ft. 10in. in the standing high jump, whereas the Americans find half a dozen men to do over 5ft., and Roy Ewry held the record at 5ft. 5¼in. In the standing long jump our men can do about 10oft., whereas the Americans and many Continental athletes get very close to 11ft., and here, also, record is held by Ewry at 11 ft. 4⅞ in., although in his first season he never beat 9ft., which conclusively proves what can be done by perseverance and method.



Cartoon by H. A. Stern
H. A. LEEKE, C.U.A.C., L.A.C.
Preparing to throw the 56lb. weight

The 56lb. Weight

Throwing the 56lb. weight has only once figured in the Olympian programme, namely, at St. Louis in 1904, but there is a rumour that it may again be included at Berlin, the heavy events being exceedingly popular with the Germans. Also, this event is much favoured by American athletes, due largely to the fact that the American field events men hail almost entirely from Scotland and Ireland. This event had its inception in Scotland, as had most of what may be termed the heavy events, as one sees from Scott's "Lady of the Lake":

> "Douglas rent an earth-fast stone,
> From its deep bed then heaved it high,
> And sent the fragment through the sky,
> A rood beyond the farthest mark."

Visitors to Stirling Park may still see the "Douglas Cast." From ancient times men have practised throwing the heavy stone, but in modern times the weight has been standardised at 56lb., and is made of iron, spherical in shape. Two of the three methods of throwing are as shown in the accompanying illustrations, the English or standard method being the outcome of the others. The weight is thrown from a 7ft. circle, at the back of which the athlete takes up his stand, swings the weight from side to side, then whirls it around the head, waltzing across the circle with the weight at arm's length, hurling it away over the left shoulder as the opposite side of the circle is reached. This, of course, is essentially an event for the strong and agile heavy man. An English Championship was held in this event in 1911, and was won by H. A. Leeke, the famous old Cambridge Blue. Scotland and Ireland were also represented. Leeke, an all-round champion, and the son of a champion, his father having won the English hammer throwing championship in 1868, 1870, and 1872, won the Hammer and the Weight for Cambridge in 1903; in 1906 he won the English hammer throwing championship, and in 1908 he represented England at the Olympic Games in the Hammer, the Weight, the Discus, and the Javelin.

F. A. M. WEBSTER

THROWING THE 56lb. WEIGHT
The winning throw in the English Championship by H. A. Leeke

Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

Copyright. John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.

ROBERT BURNS

This Picture is the First of a Series of colored Portraits of Famous Scots published by

JOHN DEWAR & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, Perth & London

Spungola Regd.

—Is a British-made Reliable Washing Silk.

THE SILK OF ALL SILKS.

For LADIES' SHIRTS and BLOUSES.

SPUNGOLA is made expressly for D. H. EVANS & CO., Ltd., who are the Proprietors and only Distributors of this reliable British-made Silk.

Over 140 New Designs and Colourings are now ready for Spring Wear.

20½ ins. wide, **1/11** 3/4 **Per Yard.**

"SPUNGOLA" of Heavier Weight for NIGHT WEAR & GENTLEMEN'S DAY SHIRTS and PYJAMAS.

In Stripes and Plain Colours, 31 in. wide. 3/6 per yard.

Superior Quality, 4/11 per yard.

Also Plain Cream, 31 in. wide, 2/11½, 3/11½, 4/11, 5/11 per yard.

Write for Patterns of the various Colours and Stripes, stating for what Garments required, Post Free on application.

Book of Early Spring Fashions sent Post Free on request.

No. 115 BB.

Spungola Sports Shirt.

Smart, perfectly plain Shirt, fitted narrow Yoke with long shoulder effect, finished Pocket, Polo Collar, and double Cuffs for links. In over 140 different Coloured Stripes on Ivory Ground, also in plain Ivory.

Price **12/9**

Sizes 13, 13½, 14 & 14½

Post Orders receive Prompt Attention, and Carriage is Paid throughout United Kingdom.

D. H. EVANS & Co. Ltd., Oxford St., London, W.

ONLY ADDRESS. NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing, and refreshing.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK.

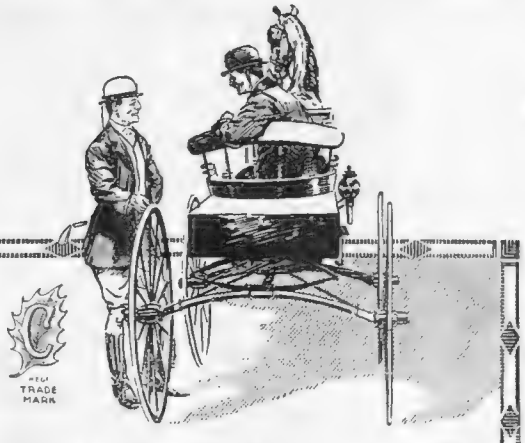
- **IN INFANT FEEDING** is the only scientific substitute for Human Milk which perfectly simulates the action of the latter during digestion.
- **FOR GROWING CHILDREN.** Builds up and nourishes the constitution, gives stamina and ensures healthy growth with development.
- **IN THE HOME,** when used as a Table Beverage, is more beneficial than Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, or Cocoa.
- **ESPECIALLY USEFUL IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.** Replaces waste tissue and gives a feeling of fitness and staying power.
- **FOR BUSINESS MEN** it is the ideal quick lunch when time is pressing. May be kept in the office and is prepared in a moment.
- **FOR THE AGED AND INVALIDS.** The lightest diet in combination with the fullest nutriment—therefore gives best means of sustenance.

An efficient corrective of Insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

PREPARED IN A MOMENT WITH WATER ONLY. NO COOKING. SERVED IN HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CAFÉS, & RAILWAY BUFFETS.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-,** of all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY,
SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.



REGD. TRADE MARK

"Like the rest of us, you find Connolly's the best?"

"Personally, I can't understand a man paying a good price for a vehicle, and then endeavouring to economise on tyres. Defeats his own end, too, for Connolly Tyres last far longer than other tyres, beside looking so much smarter."

CONNOLLY TYRES

SEND FOR BOOKLET 8 TO

J. W. & T. CONNOLLY, Ltd., King's Cross, LONDON, N.

For Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity, etc.

All who suffer from Heartburn, Flatulence, a feeling of fulness or oppression after meals, may obtain immediate and permanent relief by means of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, which correct these disorders by *absorbing the acidity* in the stomach to which they are due.

These lozenges are made solely by Messrs. Savory and Moore, from a formula of the celebrated Dr. Jenner. They are pleasant to take and perfectly harmless. One or two give immediate relief, even in the worst cases, and when taken before a meal prevent those distressing symptoms due to indigestion, which so frequently follow.

TESTIMONY.—"Without hesitation and with great pleasure I add my testimony to that of others who have taken DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES and derived great benefit from their use. My powers of digestion seem really strengthened, and the distressing flatulence from which I suffered is greatly relieved. I shall continue to take, and recommend them, for I cannot speak too highly of the good I have derived from their use."

Boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., of all Chemists.

A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing *1d.* for postage, and mentioning *The Bystander*, to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143 A, New Bond Street, London, W.

Games and Pastimes

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE 'VARSITY HOCKEY MATCH: TOO MANY COOKS

In their eagerness to keep the ball out of the circle, two Oxford men are impeding each other. One-handed play, as these pictures show, was largely indulged in

HOCKEY

The 'Varsity Match at Beckenham

The 'Varsity match on Wednesday last was a very fine game—very fast and very vigorous without being rough. After the first quarter of an hour it was easy to see that Cambridge were the better side all round; their forwards worked like a machine, and they would have scored more often in the first half than they did if they had not been just a wee bit too slow, which gave the defence time to get round. The Oxford forwards, on the other hand, went at full tilt—not much science, but plenty of pluck. In the second half the Cambridge forwards did almost as they liked, thanks mainly to two men. Saville had a hand in nearly every goal they scored, while Lagden gave passes of just the right strength. Bar Page and Robinson, a better centre-half has never been seen.

A one-handed dribble by B. P. Nevile (inside left) for Cambridge

More one-handed work. An Oxford man hooks the ball away from Nevile

A Cambridge forward juggling the ball along on his stick. Cambridge won by the record score (for this match) of 7 goals to 2

Cambridge's Two Stars

These two were the stars of a fine side, for there was really not a weak spot anywhere in the Cambridge team, except that the two wing men were rather too fond of using only one hand, which is risky. The best of the Oxford backs was Wiggin—a fine little player chock full of pluck. The goal-keeper, too, though he had a record score (for this match) piled up against him, was by no means bad. He saved quite a lot of nasty shots at close quarters. The Oxford defence broke down in the second half for the simple reason that the whole side had too much taken out of them in the first; they couldn't quite keep it up, but the forwards retained their pace to the bitter end. H. S. S.

GOLF

Putting

Putting has been called by Harry Vardon a game within a game, and the description is a very apt one. Indeed, one may go further and say that there are several games within a game at golf. There are the long game, the short game, and putting, while even these in their turn can each be subdivided into various sections. The charm of putting is that it comes as a relief after the strenuous efforts of the long game. On the green all men are equal. Here the weak stripling can meet the muscular giant without

a feeling of unfair physical handicap. It seems a simple thing to propel a small round ball into a hole of 4¼in. diameter over turf kept as smooth as the labours of the green-keeper can make it and the fury of Suffragettes will allow it to remain. Yet how difficult that seemingly simple business is. Some are born putters, others achieve putting, others, again, have putting thrust upon them with tears and agony by a patient coach. Some, like Mr. Low, have always been, and remain to the end, perfect putters. Others, like Braid, become good putters after much study and practice, and, like him, sometimes relapse into their old faults. But there are very few indeed who can be certain of their putting on any given day.

A Weird Proposal

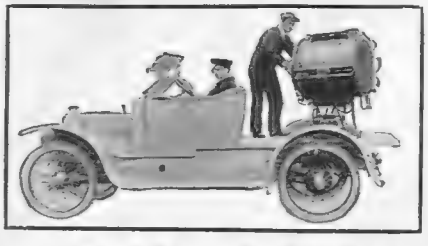
Some, vexed and impatient, have decried this department of the game, and allege that too much value is allowed to putting as compared with the rest of the game. This seems a short-sighted view, for, rightly regarded, putting is the very crown and zenith of the game whose motto is "far and sure." It would be poor policy to magnify the "far" at the expense of the "sure." I have read, therefore, with some surprise and disappointment an article by "D.D." in the *Daily News and Leader* advocating a reform in the game, which ... putting. He quotes, ap... proposal of a professional for marking a ring at a certain distance round the hole, within which radius a player should be allowed to pick up his ball and add half a point to his score. If "D.D.'s" article is seriously meant, it shows a lamentable want of appreciation of the finer side of golf. If it is meant as a joke, I must warn him that it is dangerous to joke when writing of golf. I had the temerity once to suggest by way of chaffing the standardisers, who were always complaining that the modern ball had made the game too easy, that they might remedy this unfortunate state of affairs by reducing the size of the hole. This was duly brought up against me as a proof of my incompetency as a judge of the game by an anonymous critic who must have been well aware, unless his natural stupidity prevented, that I was jesting. But with one remark of "D.D.'s" I do agree, to the effect that modern greens are often made too large and too easy. This is being drastically remedied, however, by the modern architect, and we are now threatened with the opposite danger, greens too difficult and tricky. Whatever faults the modern ball may have, it has the supreme virtue of rewarding only those who can putt with delicacy and art. The coarse pusher and tapper has no chance.

ERNEST LEHMANN

The Humble Earthworm

H. L. DOHERTY

The lawn tennis ex-champion, who, at Woking, recently broke the record for the course by one stroke, with a score of 69



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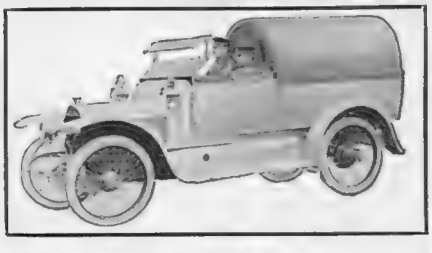

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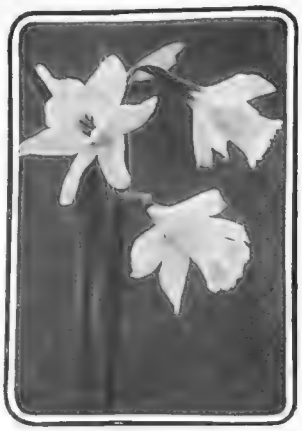
The Garden

A CHAT ABOUT LAWNS

War on Weeds

LAWNS, always the chief charm of an English garden, have never looked brighter and fresher in March than they do now. Indeed, the grass has grown with unusual vigour, and it will be necessary in many instances to commence mowing earlier than usual. Weeds, too, of the daisy, dandelion, plantain, and mouse-ear chickweed type are also making a correspondingly active growth, and hence those who have the misfortune to have their lawns infested with these vegetal pests must take immediate steps to banish them before they spoil the turf. The most effective weapon of warfare to use to decimate them is a dressing of "lawn sand," a preparation that kills all fleshy weeds without injuring the grass. It should be sprinkled by means of a flour-dredger over the weedy patches at the rate of 4oz. per square yard. The "sand" may cause the grass at first to assume a brownish tinge, but in a week or so the colour will change to a dark green hue and the grass grow with greater vigour than before.



A DAINTY HARBINGER OF SPRING
(Narcissus Albicans)

The Humble Earthworm

This repulsive-looking creature, while admittedly a friend of the garden when confining its activities to burrowing in the soil, is by no means so when infesting the turf of a lawn. Then it has the unhappy knack of thrusting to the surface unsightly masses of desiccated soil and vegetable matter, which renders the surface unpleasant to walk upon. Darwin estimated that earthworms existed to the extent of millions per acre, and that they were capable of depositing on the surface vegetable matter and soil equal to two tons per acre per annum. Granting that this annual topdressing is more or less beneficial to the turf, we cannot lose sight of the fact that the "casts" are most unsightly. To reduce their number dissolve an ounce of corrosive sublimate in forty gallons of water, and water the turf with this on a wet day. The worms will come to the surface in shoals, when they should be swept off, collected, and buried elsewhere where fowls cannot get at them. Messrs. James Carter and Co., also Messrs. Sutton and Sons, sell a special worm powder which is equally, if not more effective, in ridding lawns of worms.

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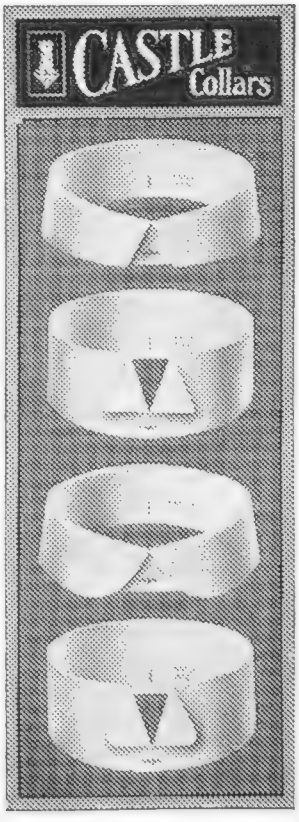

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Double Collars. First and third illustrations show two popular shapes for 1913. The first (D35) is 1¾in. deep at front and allows ample tie room notwithstanding smart effect. The third ("Box"), giving freedom to neck, is the collar of the outdoor man (1⅞in. deep in front). Both are slightly deeper at back.

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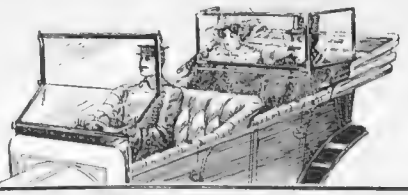

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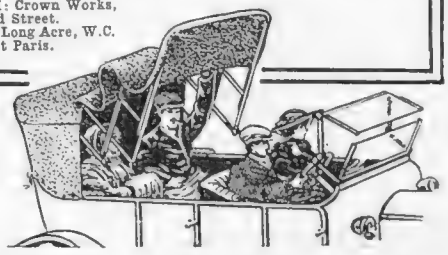

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MOTORING By Land, Sea & Sky

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Fatal Figures

OUR automobile statisticians will have to throttle down a little, particularly upon the inexhaustible topic of American motor-car output. It is a large output, a most wonderfully large output, even after making the customary deductions from the figures returned in all solemnity by the gentlemen of the other side, to whom there is no virtue in the world unless it can express itself in millions. But our figure experts have no need to enter into competition, nor to get excited because, on their elaborate computations, we are to be flooded out of our own market by the overflow of American vehicles which the home (American) market cannot consume.

THE NARROW AND STONY TRACK

Mrs. W. A. Ryley steering her 6 h.-p. Royal Enfield over a narrow bridge crossing a stream in a Warwickshire bye-lane near Packington. Mrs. Ryley is an intrepid motorist in the district, and competed in the Colmore Cup Trial on February 15. Seated in the side-car are her husband and little boy

In Fear and Trembling

Certainly some such overflow is inevitable, if our figure-fabricators are approximately correct in their estimates. Last year, for example, one in every ninety-two of the total population of America was a car-owner, according to the calculators. This year the output of American car factories is to be more than doubled—so it is alleged. Taking the average family at five, we can easily foresee the day (about next year) when every adult citizen across the pond will own his auto. Nothing then can prevent the devoted British market from being swamped—except, perhaps, the determination of every American to own two autos.

The Larger Hope

However, perhaps after all we need not worry. "Figures never lie, but liars sometimes figure." The fact that, on the figures of killed and captured, the entire Turkish army was wiped out weeks ago doesn't seem to have made very much difference; and it was at least two years after the victorious British Army had slaughtered the Boer nation twice over before we induced their ghosts to lay down their arms and regard themselves conquered. Therefore, let us hope for the best concerning the impending disaster to the British automobile industry as a consequence of the American overflow. If the worst ever comes to the worst, we may still be able to dam the overflow.

MOTOR RACING ON ICE

An interesting feature of the recent Northern Games at Stockholm

Making the Dead Live

A book in red cloth and gold, demy quarto as to size, lavishly illuminated as to contents, and most interestingly written for all who can find interest in this sort of reading matter, has been on my desk for weeks waiting its turn for notice. It is entitled, "Notes on the Materials of Motor-Car Construction," a very forbidding title indeed, except to those hereinbefore referred to, and is written by my friend, Algernon E. Berriman, M.I.A.E. Nevertheless, it is a highly instructive and most readable book, and the least technical of men, particularly motor men, will find much in it they have desired to know,

and all of it will have an appeal, not as a bed book, perhaps, but as a book of stimulating study. It is a bold statement, but it is true that there is almost as much "life" in metals observed by the trained eye under a microscope as there is in low organic bodies. Mr. Berriman's endeavour has been to make that "life" live before the untrained eye also, and to invest the metallurgy of the car with a new interest for those who never thought to find in it anything except a means of transport. He has succeeded in his purpose in quite a notable way. I commend the book very cordially, remarking in passing the author's acknowledgments to the Daimler Company for their courtesy and assistance in placing all the resources of their famous factory at his disposal. The work is published by the St. Martin's Publishing Company at five shillings.

WITH THE SIDDELEY-DEASY IN INDIA

An all-British car in much favour in our great dependency. It has also come, upon its merits, to considerable popularity in most other British Dominions over the seas—notably Australasia

In Compression

New premises have been opened at 133, Long Acre, W.C., by the Auster Windscreen Company, and motorists desiring information concerning this almost indispensable and always highly desirable accessory to comfortable road travel should make a special note of the address.

Palmer's Again

It was tyres that caused the splendid failure of Mr. Percy Lambert in his first essay on the 25 h.-p. Talbot to capture the "100 miles in an hour" record. It was tyres—Palmer tyres—that brought him to a more splendid victory at the second attempt. Therefore, all hail the British Palmer tyre that enabled a British car to win for Great Britain the most coveted of all speed records. Hail, also, the Stewart Precision Carburettor, the lungs and life of the car, and congratulations to the new Motor Owners' Petrol Combine, whose spirit, used in the great record-making, proved itself, thus early, a fuel of fine efficiency.

Rolls-Royce send along two catalogues to enable me to make a comparison between the effort of last year and the effort of this. I regarded last year's production as the most opulent, artistic, and finely produced album ever issued in connection with the automobile, and very worthy of the car it catalogued. Yet this year's production manages very nicely to better its predecessor, and succeeds in demonstrating that, as with the car so with the literature of the car—progress is continually being made. The product of yesterday is discovered in the improvements of to-day to have fallen short of the perfection it seemed to have reached. Even the Rolls-Royce only attains to one ideal to see another ahead and to reach out after it. The new catalogue makes a fine addition to the motoring bookshelf, and its attractiveness is greatly enhanced by the excellent photographs in natural colours which that enthusiast with the camera, Mr. Percy Northey, has contributed.

Concerning Light-Weight Homespuns

Messrs. Frazer, of Scotch Warehouse, Perth, are giving a series of special displays of their Light-Weight Homespuns commencing Monday, March 10, and extending to the 20th of the same month. The itinerary is as follows:—London (Monday and Tuesday, March 10, 11), Fischers Hotel, 11, Clifford St., W.; Birmingham (Monday, March 17), Grand Hotel; Manchester (Tuesday, March 18), Queen's Hotel; Liverpool (Thursday, March 20), Adelphi Hotel. A very considerable amount of success has attended the introduction of Messrs. Frazer's new light-weight homespuns, and no doubt, therefore, a great many readers would find the displays in question of real interest.

The Home Rivieras

An attractive leaflet for intending holiday-makers, issued by the Great Western Railway, shows that the advantages once considered the monopoly of Southern France or Northern Algeria may be secured in the home Rivieras of Cornwall and Devon, with very much less cost and fatigue.

EXCELSIOR, "The Car of the Moment." 14-20 h.-p., 4-cylinder, complete with 5-seated Torpedo body, scuttle dash; 5 detachable wire wheels, hood, screen, headlamps, etc., £375.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, S.W.

THE INCENTIVE TO ACHIEVEMENT

A fine trophy in silver on an onyx plinth, presented by the British Motor Boat Club to the International Sporting Club of Monaco for the international B.M.B.C. 21ft. class competition. The idea, which Mr. Charles Sykes has so finely realised, is of the spirit of Victory holding a laurel wreath in the right hand and speeding the boat to victory with the left. The trophy is made by Messrs. Garrard and Co.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 483.—Vol. XXXVII. Wednesday, March 5, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

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WOULD BE DIVIDED

to suit purchasers.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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KENT (3 miles from main line junction, from whence London is reached in about 1 hour).—To be LET, Unfurnished, this attractive RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position in

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By AUCTION, on the Premises, on MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1913, at 12 o'clock precisely, by MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY.

THE MODERN, CONVENIENTLY PLANNED, SMALL FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, "HOLLY DENE," HORSELL COMMON, facing the beautiful open Common, at the corner of Grange Road, about 1 mile from Woking Station. The House is of modern Queen Anne red brick and tiled elevation with electric light, modern drainage, etc.; staircase hall, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, bathroom, 7 bedrooms, 2 boxrooms, ground floor offices, and shedding; garden with pergola, tennis lawn, and flowering shrubs, in all 1 acre. With immediate possession. Also on the same day, the CONTENTS OF THE HOUSE—PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, AND ENGRAVINGS, SILVER-PLATED WARE, AND BRONZES.

Dining and drawing room appointments, china cabinet, longcase clock, bedroom suites, and miscellanea. On view Friday and Saturday prior.—Catalogues, particulars, and orders to view may be had at the Auctioneer's Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.; Solicitors, Messrs. PICKERING and NEILSON, 4, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

"LAURISTON," HOLLINGTON PARK, ST. LEONARDS.

THIS ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a substantially built RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices, together with excellent modern stabling for 4 horses, double coach-house, etc.; well-timbered pleasure grounds of over an acre, also VALUABLE MEADOW-LAND AND ADDITIONAL KITCHEN GARDEN RIPE FOR DEVELOPMENT, AND COMPRISING IN ALL ABOUT 4¼ ACRES.

The Property will be Sold as a whole, or in 3 Lots, on the premises, on WEDNESDAY, March 5, 1913, at 1 o'clock, followed by the contents of the Residence.—Particulars and Conditions of Sale may be obtained of Messrs. NORRIS and SONS, Solicitors, 11, Union Court, Castle Street, Liverpool; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

7 MINUTES FROM RIVER THAMES. 4 MILES FROM MARLOW STATION. ½ MILE FROM GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD, this attractive GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, standing in picturesque pleasure grounds adjoining a private park. Accommodation: panelled hall with Adams ceiling and Georgian staircase, drawing and dining rooms, morning and smoking rooms, gun room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 4 small attic bedrooms, large playroom and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND TELEPHONE INSTALLED. GARAGE.

The grounds of 3 acres are beautifully laid out, and include 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, fine rose garden and pergola, lily pond, kitchen garden and greenhouse. Boathouse and tea-room on river. An adjoining paddock of 10 acres can be rented.—Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (6,858)

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OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE BORDERS.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE SUMMER.

THIS DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED XVIth CENTURY RESIDENCE, situated about 1 mile from a railway, with a South-East aspect, on gravel soil. It contains: entrance hall, inner hall, fine billiard room, drawing room, dining room, smoking room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; sanitary appliances on modern principles; good stabling, coach-house, and men's rooms; the grounds extend to about 5 acres, including pretty and well-shaded flower and kitchen gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, glasshouses, and paddock.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (F 14)

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AMIDST LOVELY HILLY SURROUNDINGS.
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THIS PLEASANTLY SITUATED MODERN RESIDENCE, standing in a pretty park of about 6 acres, in one of the most charming parts of the county. It is on a gentle slope, very dry, and well sheltered from the cold north and east winds. The approach is by a carriage drive, and the House contains: entrance hall, drawing room, dining room, morning room, sitting room, den, kitchen, and excellent offices; in the Annexe: laundry, 2 rooms, engine and gas house; 9 bedrooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.; there is a plentiful supply of good water, and the sanitation is of the most approved kind; there is stabling, cowhouse, and extensive outbuildings; good gardens, large lawn, and parkland, about 5 acres in extent; hunting, golf.—For further particulars and orders to view, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,832)

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TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

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and containing: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, beautiful suite of reception rooms, billiard room, etc.; excellent stabling and garage.
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A SINGULARLY CHARMING FREEHOLD PROPERTY,
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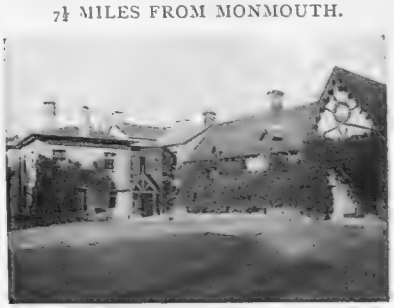

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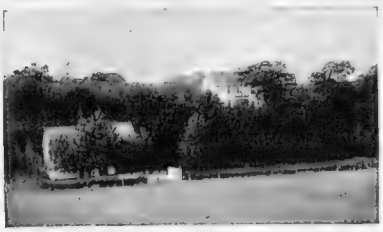

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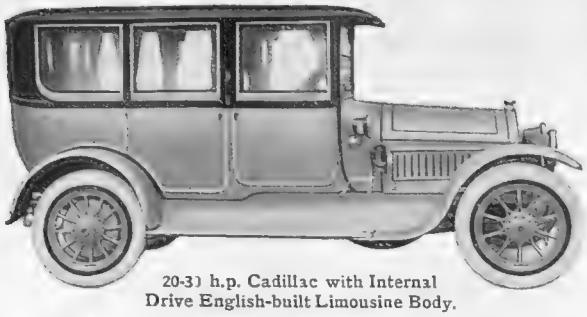

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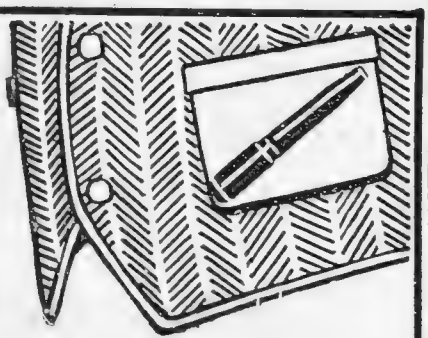

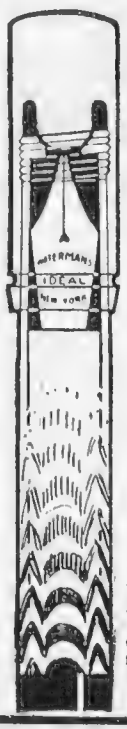

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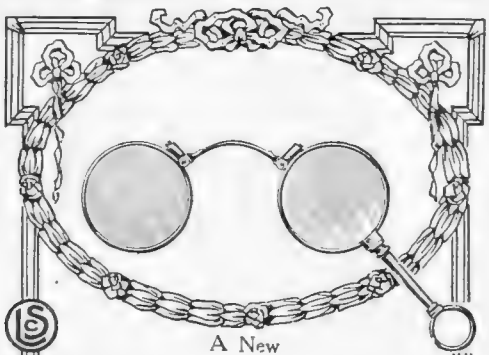

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AFTER SHAVING, USE

ELVIRA'S VANISHING CREAM.

A small quantity applied after each shave will allay all irritation set up by the razor, remove redness, burning sensation, and prevent chapping, leaving the skin beautifully cool and clear. It disappears immediately after application, and is guaranteed not to make the skin greasy.

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WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

THE NURSERY SOAP

4d. per Tablet

EARLY MOTOR CAR TYPES. No. 7. Daimler wagonette

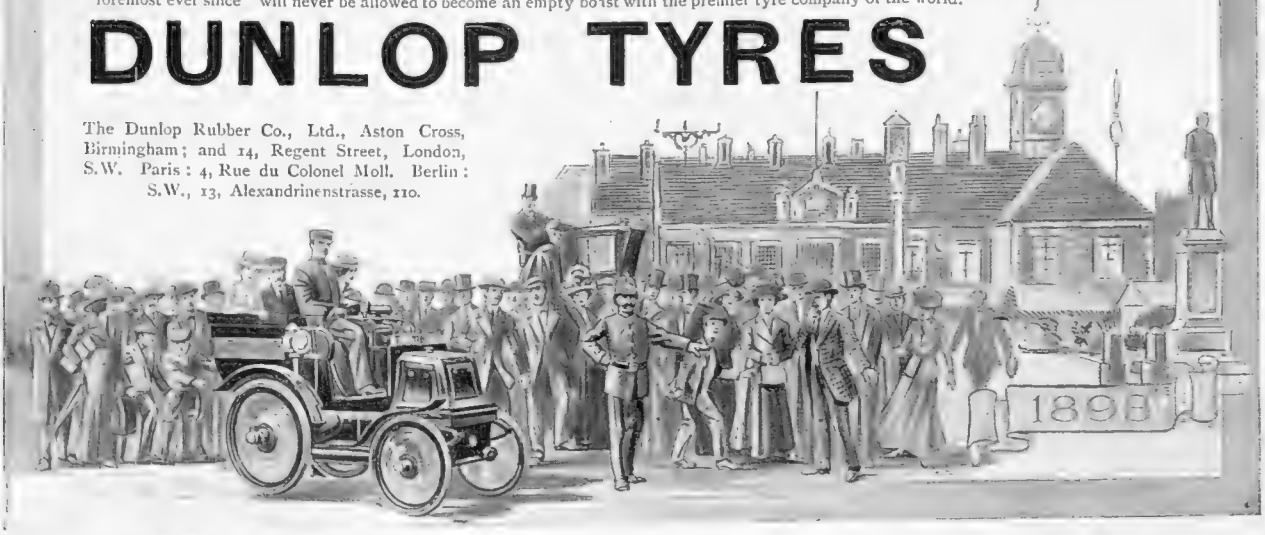
The Daimler wagonette illustrated here was one of the earliest of the family-party type of motor car, and within the narrow limits of the term was fairly well known in England in 1898. But it was not yet so common as to fail to attract crowds of spectators wherever it went. A contributor to *The Autocar* of July 23, 1898, who undertook a 500 miles' tour of the Lake District on one of these cars, mentions an incident of this kind. "Carlisle," he says, "was reached about 4.30. Here we put up for the night, and judging from the crowds there gathered a motor car is evidently a novelty, because once leaving the car to enter the hotel, it was impossible to get near it again till the services of a policeman were brought into requisition to clear a road." The author winds up his account prophetically: "Motors are yet in their infancy, but a short time will see great changes, both in the attitude of the public towards them, and the number of these horseless vehicles to be seen going about."

In the same issue of *The Autocar* appeared an interesting letter from Mr. S. F. Edge once London Manager of the Dunlop Company. Returning from the Paris-Amsterdam-Paris 1,400 miles race, he recorded his impressions, amongst them being this: "Another thing I noticed was the almost universal use of pneumatic tyres, This has so impressed me that I have at once had my solid tyres removed . . . as there is no doubt if pneumatic tyres will stand perfectly on heavy vehicles the life of the vehicle is increased, and the comfort enormously so."

The subsequent work done by the Dunlop Company along the lines indicated by Mr. Edge is known to every motor user throughout Britain, probably throughout the world. The fact that the Company was the first to make pneumatics in 1888 is kept constantly to the fore, and "foremost ever since" will never be allowed to become an empty boast with the premier tyre company of the world.

DUNLOP TYRES

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.



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1st—Grand Prix de France	1st—Monaco Rallye
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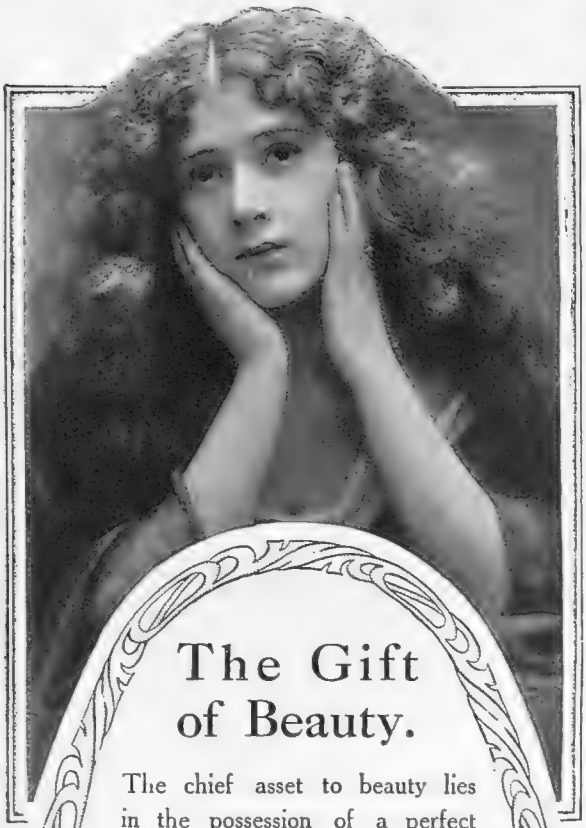
CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER CO. (GREAT BRITAIN), Ltd., 3 & 4, Thurloe Place, S.W.

Have you tried the "Continental 1913"—the Tennis Ball of perfect balance? 319



The Gift of Beauty.

The chief asset to beauty lies in the possession of a perfect complexion. This, of course, can only be obtained by means of a reliable toilet cream. Beetham's La-rola is a toilet cream of world renown and is indispensable to those desiring a perfect complexion. It whitens the skin, and gives to the cheek the soft delicate bloom of the ripened peach. It quickly dispels all signs of roughness, redness, and chaps, and is excellent for use in hard water. Buy it from your chemist to-day—you can obtain it in 1/- and 2/6 bottles.

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SPECIAL OFFER. Send us 3d. and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola, Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, etc. Dept. By.

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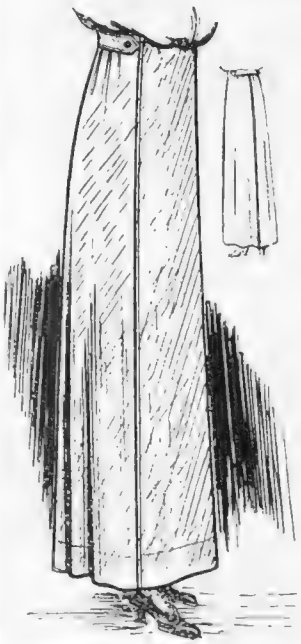

New back strap Skirt with Raglan seams and circular back and front.

Can be had in strong, durable tweeds, also Navy, Black, and Cream Cheviot Serges.

Price **11/9**

Carriage Paid on all Drapery Goods throughout U.K.

HEALTHY CHILDREN · HAPPY MOTHERS

The Allenburys' Foods

Parent's Testimony

"I enclose photograph of my two eldest children at 2¼ years and 14 months respectively; they were brought up on **your foods** and **show good results.**"

A complete and progressive dietary, specially adapted to the growing digestive powers.

Milk Food No 1 Birth to 3 months. **Milk Food No 2** 3 to 6 months. **Malted Food No 3** 6 months upwards.

Pamphlet, "Infant Feeding and Management," sent free.

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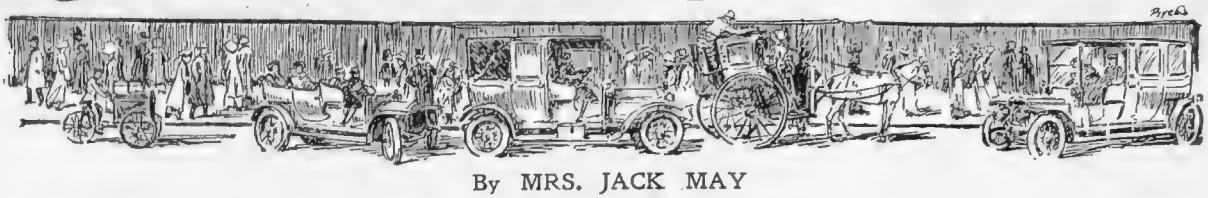
Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

ONE of the most drastic changes of the year will be in carriage and evening cloaks. The "hug-me-tight" style, as one of my contemporaries aptly described the wrap well nipped-in at the feet, has grown just a little monotonous. And, although it will not be wholly discarded, favours will have to be shared with a full and also a short half-length coat, after the manner of the example illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar.

With the sales still in memory, the scheme may suggest the using up of some brocade remnant, since the upper part of this delightful little theatre wrap is of brocade, preferably one with a *crêpe de Chine* or *ninon* ground and a tinsel thread running through the design, like a tortuous stream. The lower half is of lace, in a ripe corn shade, one of those all-over *dentelles* that might almost be described as an embroidered net, and this, at the edge, is finished with a *bouillonnée* of soft silk that accentuates the predominant colour-note in the brocade, a like *bouillonnée* hinting a little *capucin*, the sleeves, extremely roomy affairs, such as were worn in the Middle Ages, are of the lace again.

The point, however, is the change of silhouette, and this is not the only department in which we are going to find it. And there are even shorter coats than this, some barely covering the hip-line, recalling a Mandarin's jacket. I think our *élégantes* will take to these new vogues with great avidity, since the moment is ripe for change.

A BECOMING WRAP

The upper part of the above charming little theatre wrap is of brocade, while the lower part is of lace in a ripe corn shade, one of those all-over "dentelles" which might be described as an embroidered net

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Figure to be More Sinuous than Ever

Notwithstanding the fact that many gowns are having the skirt slightly fulled in at the waist, and also the latter portion of our anatomy is distinctly more defined, although still kept large and free, the end aimed at is sinuousness. Once again the anxious purveyors of underwear are facing a prospect of but meagre appreciation. Everything pertaining to *au dessous* is of necessity of the most clinging order, but the lack of quantity is amply balanced by quality. Woven silken garments, and corsets of Maillot, that represent the most skilled *corsetière* workmanship ever achieved, together with silk stockings and petticoats—if permitted at all—of the most costly and diaphanous character, make an appreciable impression on an ample dress allowance. And how to acquire all these invisible but highly necessary appurtenances is giving the less well-endowed very furiously to think.

The Great Shoe Sale

Footgear, also, is another item of glaring expenditure. But here I can proffer a little timely assistance by the reminder that the London Shoe Co., 123, Queen Victoria St., will be holding a complete clearance of their stock when this issue appears in print. It is a five-days' sale only, so there must be no delay, and the bargains in many instances are absolutely colossal. But they can only be seen at the above address, and it is impossible, taking into consideration the short time the clearance lasts, for the firm to guarantee sending these bargains by post. A certain black glacé kid boot, of which the surplus comprises 495 pairs, has been reduced from 21*s.* 9*d.* to 11*s.* 9*d.* These are of the softest kid procurable, and will especially appeal to

those women who can only wear the highest grade quality footgear.

A remarkably smart Oxford shoe will be going at 8*s.* 11*d.*, and some smart patent buckle shoes are being offered at a clear loss of 9*s.* 11*d.*, while 3*s.* 6*d.* is the absurd reduction placed on a line of *chic* black fabric Court shoes, the soles of leather and finished with a Cuban heel. For children there are glacé kid sandals, the recognised best house and dance shoes of the period, sizes 6 to 9 only, originally selling at 4*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.*, that have been dropped, that is the surplus of 111 pairs, to 1*s.* 11*d.* A thousand soft felt slippers, with leather cushion soles, are to be picked up for 1*s.*, also several hundred pairs of satin shoes at the same price. The quality of the sale throughout is remarkable, and the journey, no matter how long it is, to 123, Queen Victoria Street will be well repaid.

The Growing Fashion for Sashes

In connection with coats alike with gowns, the sash is making such modistic history as has not fallen to its lot for years. The quasi-Russian coat, that has got quite a firm hold again, is largely dependent on the sash, variety being brought to bear by fringing the ends, drawing them into cups of fancy *passementerie* with bell-rope tassels, or rounding the ends and punctuating each curve with a hand-wrought *motif* of wool embroidery. Or there is the bolero again, equally dependent on the sash, which is frequently threaded in and out, or that effect, at least, is suggested, while the little cut-away coats, more often than not, have the hiatus left in front, filled in by a folded sash.

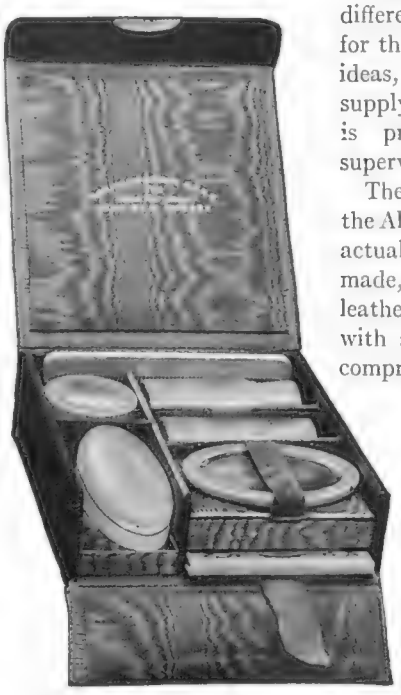
But where the latter really achieves a sensational success is in the case of the more *habillée* afternoon gowns and evening toilettes. Without being invidious, one can only trace the clever, daring mingling of colours that go to the fashioning of these *ceintures* to one clever brain. Taking as the basis of operations a soft tinsel brocade, the one edge, perchance, will be hemmed over with a narrow fold of apple-green, and the other with a delicate peach, blue being the dominant colour of the tinsel brocade, while winding its way insidiously over and under will probably be a narrow black velvet.

A Type of the Parisian Vraie Élégante

The costume which forms the subject of my second sketch comes direct from

AN ELEGANT COSTUME

Composed of a skirt of fine "tilleul" cloth, and a sleeveless coat of black and white "pékin" silk



A USEFUL MOTOR TOILET CASE

The latest speciality of the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown. Its contents comprise a comb and handglass, soap, violet powder and puff, etc.; and for a girl who loves motoring the case would make the most acceptable of presents

a noted *atelier* in Paris. The skirt is described as being of fine *tilleul* cloth, with sleeveless coat of black and white *pékin* silk, one of the new rib qualities, the fulness held to the figure by a narrow satin belt, fastening with cameo ornaments. The collar that crosses in front with such precision effects a quite novel silhouette, while as a finish there is introduced an upright frill of white tulle, one of the innumerable diversities of the Medicis collar.

The Violet Nurseries at Henfield

Once upon a time a kind friend, who always adds to the value of her gifts by affording them the kindest personal attention, sent me as a gracious birthday offering a box of English Violet Slip Sachets, the daintiest, most deliciously perfumed things imaginable, just the right size and weight to pin inside one's corsage or camisole. In due course I learned that these came from the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown, who are the sole proprietors of the above-named violet nurseries. From the point of view of a mere Bystander, like myself, it appears as though no more delightful form of existence could be desired than to spend the days growing, nurturing, and inhaling the delicate perfume of the little purple flower. However, these clever ladies might throw a slightly different complexion on the story, for they have a very wealth of original ideas, of which they keep up a steady supply, and every one of which is produced under their personal supervision.

The latest acquisition to the list is the Allen-Brown Motor Toilet Case. The actual case itself is thoroughly well made, and covered with padded limp leather, in a full violet shade, and lined with silk. As to the contents, these comprise a comb and handglass, English Violet foam for the skin, soap, violet powder with puff, water-softener, papier violette, and assorted invisible hairpins. And the price complete for this extremely elegant possession is only 18*s.* 6*d.* As a birthday gift for the girl who loves motoring, could anything more charming be conceived? And for further information of the daintinesses procurable from the Misses Allen-Brown, the simplest and most satisfactory thing to do is to write for a charming brochure.

Beauty Collection

CUTTINGS FROM BEAUTY ARTICLES. THE CREAM OF MODERN BEAUTY ADVICE.

The Powder Puff Passes

"Boudoir Talks"

Every normal woman is always interested in any plan by which she can quickly enhance her beauty, provided the plan is perfectly safe and simple. Ever since the discovery that ordinary cleminite, such as any chemist can supply, is an instantaneous and harmless beautifier, there has been a growing demand for it from smart women everywhere. They usually get about an ounce and add just enough water to dissolve it. A little of this perfectly harmless lotion gives a beautiful complexion to any face instantly. It renders face powder quite unnecessary. Moreover, its use cannot be detected. The skin is instantly beautified, but appears perfectly natural under the closest scrutiny.

Clipping the Eyelashes

"Home Surgery"

The practice of clipping off the ends of the eyelashes to make them grow longer and stronger has fallen generally into disrepute, because of the high percentage of failures in securing results. Smart women nowadays are unwilling to take the risk of having their lashes remain permanently stubby and ugly, and they resort to a far less radical and much more effective method for producing long, dark, curling lashes and fine eyebrows. There is a somewhat rare and very delicate substance known to chemists as mennaline, which is now largely used for the purpose. It is absolutely harmless, and may be applied directly with the finger-tips to the eyelash roots.

Some Hair "Don'ts"

"Things One Should Know"

Don't wet the hair frequently. Don't wear a hat unnecessarily. Don't let the scalp get dirty. Don't shampoo with soaps or harsh powders. Don't rub the hair—pull it gently instead to keep the scalp loose, stimulate the root secretions and remove superfluous deadened hair. If your hair is in a weakened condition or is falling out badly, a good scalp tonic is needed. The best one is so simple it can be made at home. Get ¼ pint bay-rum and about an ounce of boranium from your chemist and mix together. Apply occasionally to the scalp and hair roots to stimulate the growth and put new life in the hair.

"Wavy" Shampoos

"Homely Hints"

Few people know that stallax can be used as a shampoo and is far better than anything else for the purpose. It seems to have a natural affinity for the hair, leaving it very glossy, fluffy, and with a pronounced natural "wave." A teaspoonful of stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient. Genuine stallax comes to the chemist only in sealed ¼lb. tins, a quantity sufficient to make up fifteen or twenty separate shampoos. The indescribable lustre it imparts to the hair is quiet inimitable.

Camphor to Combat Female Moustaches

"Practical Suggestions"

Simple household drugs furnish the best means of permanently destroying the roots of superfluous hair. For this purpose smart women use a simple lotion consisting merely of one half ounce spirits of camphor and two ounces peroxide of hydrogen. Pour out about half a teaspoonful, to which add a few drops of ammonia. First, however, the superfluous hair must be removed by applying pure powdered pheminol directly to it. This immediately exposes and weakens the hair roots. The camphor lotion is then applied daily in the manner described until the damaged roots are entirely killed. When thus used, in combination, these four drugs seem to re-act upon each other in such a way as not only to remove the hair instantly, but to permanently destroy the roots.

"Barri" Maternity Gown

Patents applied for.
(Unobtainable elsewhere.)

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Can be made without fitting.

Many designs for Day or Evening wear.

Prices from 6 Gns.

Evening gown, tunic of black chiffon over ivory white satin, is edged with the new wool lace, the points falling over a soft petticoat of white chiffon. The bodice has a pelerine effect of the same lace, the other side being of lace of a deeper ivory tint, veiled with black chiffon.

Price:

£18:18:0

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72, BAKER ST.,
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Pad. 3682.

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NOTE.— 3½ Guinea
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Perfectly Tailor-made

by the best West-end Tailors, each garment being cut and fitted by Mr. Silverman.

Call and see our selection before going elsewhere.

Riding Habits—4½ Gns.

with improved Safety Skirt (ideal for Park and Hunt, and highly recommended).

Country, Foreign, and Colonial orders receive Mr Silverman's personal attention. A Trial Order solicited. Our SOLE ADDRESS is—

61, Paddington St., Baker St., W

'Phone: Mayfair 1252.

The Menu: The Treatment of Oranges

Orange Marmalade: No. I.

Twelve Seville oranges, three lemons, three sweet oranges. Take off the peel and cut it up into fine chips. To every 1lb. of chips add three pints of water, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Cut the oranges in two, squeeze out the juice with a lemon-squeezer, and put into a basin with the pulp, with about one pint of cold water, and leave twenty-four hours. Rub through a sieve with a wooden spoon. Add to the chips and boil all together one and a half hours, or until tender. Weigh a bowl, and into that weigh the pulp, and to each 1lb. allow 1¼lb. of sugar. Boil at once for three-quarters of an hour, or until the syrup jellies.

Orange Marmalade: No. II.

Boil the oranges in water for about two hours or longer. Drain, cut in halves, remove pips, and scoop out the pulp. Cut the peel into thin shreds, and mix with the pulp. Weigh and add 1½lb. of sugar and one gill of water to each 1lb. of fruit. Put the whole on the fire in a pan, stir and boil gently for about half an hour, and skim. Put into pots while warm, cover, and tie up in the usual way.

Rhubarb and Orange Jam

Six sweet oranges, 1½lb. of crushed loaf sugar, one quart of rhubarb, cut finely. Peel the oranges, removing as much pith as possible. Divide them, take out the pips, and slice the pulp into a preserving pan. Add the rinds of half the oranges cut into thin strips and the sugar. Peel the rhubarb, cut it into thin pieces. Add it to the oranges, and stir all together over a gentle fire until the jam is done, removing all scum as it rises. Put into pots and cover in the usual way. If the rhubarb is old, cook it alone for a quarter of an hour before adding it to the other ingredients.

Orange Brandy

Into a large brown jar or mug put the rind of eight lemons and the rind of eight Seville oranges, peeled very fine, 3lb. of loaf sugar, and a pinch of saffron. Steep all together for three days in a gallon of the best French brandy, stirring it well three or four times a day. Then strain it off into bottles, cork it well, and seal. It will be fit for use in three weeks, but improves by keeping.

Orange Gin

For one gallon of unsweetened gin put the peel of eight lemons and eight Seville oranges cut thinly. Add 3lb. of loaf sugar. Stir it three times a day for one week. Strain through muslin and bottle. Keep at least six months before using.

Orange Sponge

Soak ¾oz. of gelatine in half a pint of water for three or four hours. Then put it in a stewpan with the juice of three or four oranges and two lemons, and the rind of one orange and one lemon. Add 6oz. of sugar, and stir well together over the fire till it has boiled for four or five minutes. Strain into a large basin, and when cool beat it up with a whisk for about twenty minutes, when it should be very light and frothy. When finished, heap it up in rocky lumps in a glass dish, and set in a cool place. Just before serving, grate a little orange rind lightly over all.

EMILIA

In March winds

The "Allenburys" Glycerine and (Trade Mark) Black Currant Pastilles.

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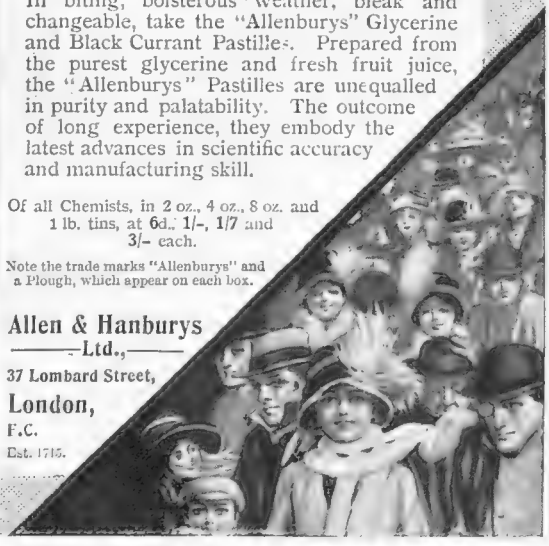

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Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles.

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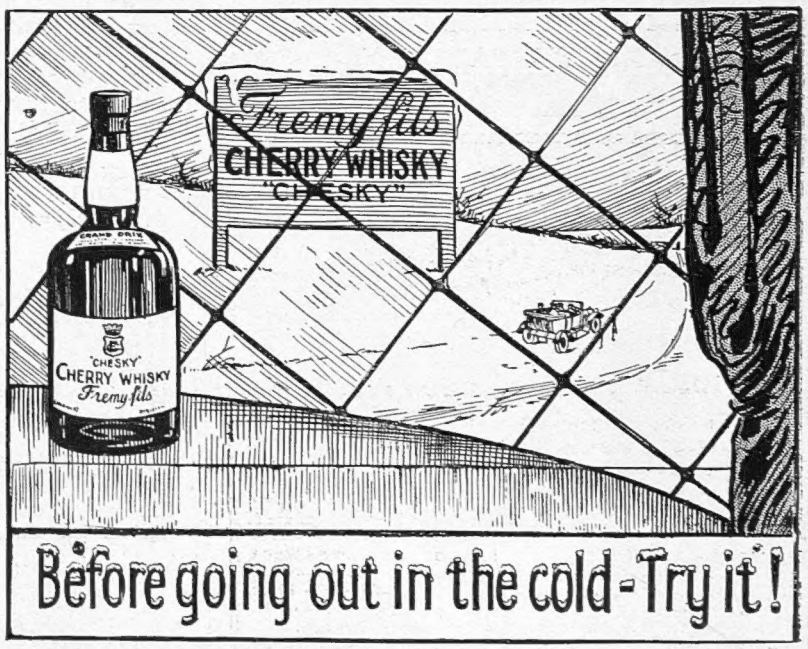

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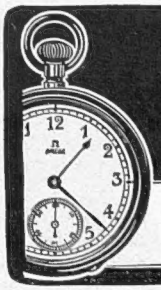

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Broadway Theatre, New Cross

The Drury Lane success, *Ben-Hur*, is here this week.

Of Interest to Travellers

An innovation which will be much appreciated by passengers from the Continent has been introduced by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway on board their steamers from Calais to Dover and Boulogne to Folkestone. On application being made to the Marconi operator during the passage, first and second-class seats will be reserved in the connecting boat trains from Dover or Folkestone to London by means of the wireless telegraphy on board the steamers. No charge whatever is made for this facility.

A New Style of Gentleman's Wardrobe

At this time of the year, when many of us are moving into new houses, a visit should be paid, before purchasing new furniture, to the Innovation Agency, 16, New Bond Street, W. New ideas in ingenious fittings abound in their clever furnishing inventions. One feature of the new 52 Gentleman's Chiffonier Cabinet, illustrated on this page, is that all the suits, which are hung on specially devised and unique hangers, can be brought right out of the wardrobe, on the pivotal rack, into the light for selection. This is a veritable boon which will be highly appreciated. This cabinet will accommodate twelve complete suits and extra trousers, thirty-six shirts, collars, twelve changes of underclothes, three hats, handkerchiefs, gloves, ties, jewellery, and boots. Any person desiring fuller particulars of this and other cabinets, and of the wonderful Innovation Wardrobe Trunks, should write at once for the illustrated catalogue No. 26, which will be gladly sent on application. Don't forget to visit the Innovation Agency, 16, New Bond Street, before purchasing new furniture for the new home, or new furniture for the old home.

The New 52 Gentleman's Chiffonier Cabinet

As may be seen in the illustration, this wardrobe dispenses entirely with the old-fashioned style of drawers. The ingenious boot drawer, with inverted opening, may be pulled out or closed with the foot to save unnecessary stooping. The wardrobe is an invention of the Innovation Agency, 16, New Bond Street, W.

The Ubiquitous Bollinger

At the banquet which was held at the Connaught Rooms on February 26 in connection with the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, and where about nine hundred people were present, Bollinger 1906 vintage was one of the two wines used, whilst we understand that at the dinner of the Prudential Assurance Society, to be held to-morrow at the Queen's Hall, Bollinger 1906 will be the only wine supplied to a gathering of some 1,000 persons.

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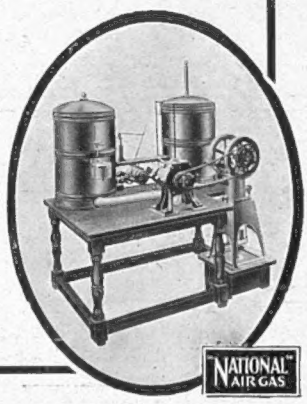

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